

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XLII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1927.

No. 7

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THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for return.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

IT is an event of real importance when the organs of Lord Rothermere and those of Lord Beaverbrook start campaigning against war and armaments. Last week the DAILY MAIL gave its principal headlines and a verbatim report to a speech by Sir William Robertson at the annual banquet of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, in which that distinguished Field-Marshal freely denounced war as a futile and "wholly detestable thing, almost, if not quite, as disastrous to victors as to vanquished," spoke with

scorn of "out-of-date platitudes urging the necessity of maintaining strong fighting forces," and concluded:—

"May we not say that if the futility of war were more insistently emphasized by political leaders and the desire for peace within reasonable limits were more carefully nourished, the defence of the Empire would soon become a far easier and cheaper task than it now is?"

These opinions received the strong support of the DAILY MAIL in a leading article on the following day. Nor is the new pacifism confined to Lord Rothermere's newspapers. The EVENING STANDARD (which, as everyone knows, is controlled by Lord Beaverbrook) hailed Sir William Robertson's speech as "perhaps the most important pronouncement on the subject of war in general which has been made since the last war ended."

"For when professional soldiers say these things the peoples of the earth must listen. . . . The truth reaches further when it is uttered in a voice with the parade-ground rasp. And, though there will always be the fire-eater who uses elocution he has learned in the barrack square still to proclaim that there is nothing like leather, yet the earnest and thoughtful professional soldier is of another opinion. He knows what war is, and he is not afraid to tell us."

It is reasonable to hope that the truth will be carried still further if it is echoed by the popular Press.

* * *

Lord Cecil took the opportunity afforded by a motion of Lord Parmoor's in the House of Lords on Wednesday to make a full statement of his reasons for resignation. Reviewing the course of events since 1922, he dwelt upon the discouragement he had sustained through the rejection by British Governments first of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance and then of the Protocol (which, he maintained, should have been amended but not rejected), and the unsatisfactory outcome of the first meeting of the Preparatory Commission. He returned from that meeting, he said, exhausted and discouraged; feeling that there was a fundamental difference between his views and those of the Cabinet as to the importance of the effort to reach an international agreement on the reduction and limitation of armaments. "They were not opposed to it, but they did not think it mattered very much." Consequently he was with difficulty persuaded to attend the Three-Power Conference on naval armaments, but eventually agreed to do so on the understanding that his colleagues definitely accepted the principle of "parity" with America, in the American sense. Then followed the most interesting and disquieting part of Lord Cecil's statement. It was only when the Conference was meeting, it seems, that a difference of opinion revealed itself in the British Cabinet. Mr. Churchill came out as a strong opponent of "mathematical parity," although the British delegation had accepted this principle at the Conference, and exerted so much influence on other Ministers that he eventually succeeded in wrecking the Conference by forcing the minor issue of the 8-inch gun.

An extremely serious situation has been brought to light by Lord Cecil's speech. It is now clear that, as we suspected at the time, the Conference broke down because the Cabinet, while disclaiming any desire to build against America, boggled at the acceptance of the "parity" formula. The substantial advantage of an agreement with America and Japan—a step forward towards armament limitation, encouraging further steps—was sacrificed to what end? In order to avoid the formal statement of an acknowledged fact—that we need not, and cannot, prepare for war with America. The folly of this attitude was too glaring to permit it to be openly adopted. The world was informed that Britain accepted "mathematical parity" but care was taken to wreck the Conference on minor issues. Small wonder that Lord Cecil resigned! We can only regret that he did not immediately denounce the folly and insincerity of his late colleagues. Lord Balfour made no attempt to answer these grave charges on Wednesday, but confined himself to general expressions of goodwill towards America and the cause of international understanding. It is fair to conclude that there is no answer to Lord Cecil.

One further incident in the House of Lords debate must be put on record. Speaking of the Protocol, Lord Haldane said that he did not like it because it involved so many agreements. He never was a party to any suggestion that it should be signed. He was not so bloodthirsty as some of his friends. We ought to encourage arbitration whenever we could, but it was quite another thing to go into engagements to use the forces of this nation for the purposes of redressing infractions of Treaty Acts by Powers with which we had nothing to do. Thus another of Mr. MacDonald's late colleagues takes his place beside Mr. Snowden and Colonel Wedgwood as an opponent of the Protocol.

We are entirely sceptical as to the efficacy of "scenes" in the House of Commons; and we think that the Labour Party made a mistake in refusing to listen to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister on Wednesday, particularly as it is really important to debate the coal situation, and to know the Government's attitude with regard to the various important problems which it raises. The Labour Party, however, believe in scenes; and had on this occasion more excuse for making one than they usually have. It is undoubtedly the normal practice for the Prime Minister to reply, when a vote of censure is moved by the Leader of the Opposition, especially when the subject-matter of the indictment covers the functions of several Departments. And as Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister has hitherto kept out of the way when coal has been under discussion, he was a peculiarly inappropriate spokesman. The Government's choice of speaker is, indeed, highly significant. It reflects, in the first instance, the uneasiness of Mr. Baldwin's conscience on the question of coal. We hope, at least, that his conscience is uneasy. For last year, after promising during the General Strike "to ensure a square deal" for the miners, he made the Government an active accomplice of the owners in the struggle by passing the Eight Hours Act; and he cannot therefore divest himself of considerable personal responsibility for the disastrous consequences of the owners' policy. In the second place, Mr. Baldwin's reluctance to speak indicates that the Government have to-day no policy at all; that they mean to do nothing either about the reconstruction of the industry or about the problem of surplus miners. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, it may be assumed, would have confined himself to pious hopes that trade would revive.

On Monday and Tuesday the House of Commons was engaged on the Report Stage of the Films Bill. The main features of the Bill—the "quota" of British films imposed upon exhibitors, and the prohibition of blind and block booking—have survived, with some minor adjustments. But one big concession was made by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister to his opponents. In order to facilitate progress, he agreed that, if the House would pass the Third Reading by Thursday night, the whole Bill should be operative for ten years only. Thus, in form at least, the measure becomes a temporary expedient, and if it proves a failure it will die a natural death. The danger remains that under its protection vested interests may grow up strong enough to secure its re-enactment when the ten years have expired.

The real significance of Lord Wester Wemyss's speech in the House of Lords, advocating abrogation of the Declaration of Paris, lies in the fact that Lord Haldane could describe it as "made from the regular point of view of the Admiralty." It represented, at any rate, the views of an influential and increasingly vocal school of naval officers, whose prophet is the late Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. Lord Wester Wemyss, an officer of deservedly high reputation, said whatever can be said in favour of this ridiculous proposal with tact and discretion. His main point was that the late war had been prolonged because the provision in the Declaration prohibiting capture of enemy goods, other than contraband, in neutral bottoms, deprived the British Navy of rights immemorially exercised under "an ancient, historic, and universally acknowledged rule of the law of nations." Now, on the facts, Lord Wester Wemyss puts his case much too high. So far from being "universally acknowledged," the British contentions as to the maritime rights of a belligerent were the subject of endless controversy, as the history of the Armed Neutralities show. Further, it is becoming increasingly clear that, in actual practice, we seldom if ever attained, and rarely attempted, so complete a stoppage of enemy trade as was ultimately attained in the late war. It may be added that, as Lord Balfour observed, the conditions of modern commerce render proof of enemy ownership a matter of extreme difficulty.

This, however, is not the most important point. Lord Wester Wemyss frankly admitted that "there were other factors than naval which must ultimately govern the action of the Government in this matter"; but it is common knowledge that an influential section of naval opinion regards all questions relating to international maritime law as defence questions, which can only be settled by unwavering acceptance of the orthodox naval policy—the policy of opposing any attempt to reduce international maritime law from a group of customs into binding conventions. This attitude, whether wise or unwise in itself, has no relation to practical politics. Continental and American opinion are firm that some kind of Congress on international maritime law must be convened in the near future, and Great Britain cannot stand aside from such a Congress. It may be of great consequence, in preserving the balance between the naval and military States, that the British representatives should be able to argue effectively their views on questions of blockade and contraband. They will not be able to do so, if they have resolutely withdrawn their mind from the idea of codification. They would not be listened to, if we had prepared the way by denouncing a Declaration of eighty years' standing.

It is welcome news that the threatened dispute in the Durham coalfield has been brought to a speedy and relatively satisfactory conclusion. It seemed most unlikely that the owners would agree to await the results of the winter trade before seeking any further reduction in wages. The miners asked them to wait until next May. The owners have now undertaken that if the present agreement is renewed with the addition of the clause providing for wage settlements by the district board or failing agreement according to the decision of the independent chairman, then they will undertake to make no application for a revision of the minimum percentage or the subsistence wage before January 15th, 1928, and that no change shall actually take place until March 1st. This is a most reasonable compromise, and a delegate conference of the miners approved the proposal almost unanimously. Voting on the new agreement will now take place, and there is unlikely to be any revolt of the rank and file against their leaders. The interesting question arises as to whether the owners have simply compromised for the sake of peace and in view of the already low level of wages, or because they are now booking orders at more profitable prices. The September ascertainment was a little better than August, and August a fraction better than July, but prices have still to rise nearly one shilling before proceeds will even balance costs.

* * *

M. Briand's explanation of the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty, before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, will presumably appear in the Press in a fairly short time. It will be interesting to see the exact text of this Treaty, which has not yet been made public, and more interesting still to hear M. Briand's commentary upon it. If it has really been so drafted that the Italian Government is free to sign another, identical Treaty with Yugoslavia, and if nothing has taken place in the negotiations to make it difficult for them to do so; then it is difficult to see what objections can be raised. For the moment, however, we are in the dark on all these points. Meanwhile, if the Italian reception of the Treaty was foolish and irresponsible, its reception in Yugoslavia has been even more so. The Belgrade Press seems deliberately to have encouraged the notion that the Treaty is a diplomatic rebuff to Italy, and street processions, headed by bands playing the *Marseillaise*, have been organized in some of the coastal towns. This is considered an appropriate reception for what purports to be a mere Treaty of friendship and arbitration.

* * *

It is hopeless to keep pace with the changes of the Chinese kaleidoscope; but impossible to ignore them. The last news is that the Nanking section of the Kuomintang have scored an important success by gaining control of Hankow. This success was obtained without fighting. Tang Sheng-chi, the Hankow commander, looted the native banks and fled; General Ho Chien was left in charge and at once opened a parley with the commander of the approaching Nanking forces. At the same time a decision was reached—we do not know by whom—to assemble a convention for the purpose of reuniting the factions into which the Kuomintang has divided. In order to give no advantage to the partisans of the Hankow, Canton, or Nanking groups, this convention is to meet at Shanghai. It may—or may not—have important consequences. Meanwhile, a group of influential business men, who call themselves the China Committee, have published, in the *TIMES*, an open letter to the British Government which deserves attention.

The China Committee, whose letter is moderate in tone and substance, urge that the Government should proceed no further with the withdrawal of existing safeguards to British trade in China, until Chinese Nationalism has furnished better evidence of its constructive and administrative capacity than it has yet given. They define these safeguards as the maintenance of the Concessions, extra-territoriality, foreign administration of the Customs, and "the rights and facilities hitherto recognized in respect of the purchase and sale of goods in the interior, and of the riverine and coastal trade." The letter is not unreasonable; but the business men who drafted it show a tendency to confuse safeguards for life and property with safeguards for trade. The "safeguards" enumerated by the Committee may be positive obstacles to trade. It depends mainly on Chinese public opinion in the treaty ports, not on Chinese Governments, whether these safeguards promote or impede commerce. It may be that, later on, Chinese trade will revive slightly, even though the civil war continues; for Chinese merchants have an extraordinary capacity for meeting difficulties.

* * *

The Roumanian Government have published their correspondence with Prince Carol, and this is the gist of it. In 1918 Prince Carol married Madame Lambrino, in Odessa, and renounced the throne. When he returned to Roumania, the Court of Cassation annulled his marriage. The Prince acquiesced, with the highly technical reservation that his devotion to Madame Lambrino nullified the nullification. In a few months he renounced the throne again. After separating from Madame Lambrino, he married Princess Helen of Greece. Shortly after a certain Madame Lupescu became his mistress, and with her he travelled all over Europe, posting renunciations of the throne from all the watering places at which they stayed. Officers were sent from Bukarest, the Pope was asked to use his influence, and the outcome of it all was that Prince Carol once more renounced the throne. If the extraordinary precautions taken in Bukarest on the publication of this correspondence were justified, some Roumanians must have a singular respect for the principle of primogeniture, since it not only leads them to disregard the late King's dying declaration, but renders them utterly indifferent to the feelings of the affectionate and susceptible Prince who has spent seven whole years in protesting that he cannot endure the thought of being torn from the society of his morganatic wives and mistresses by the cares and duties of the Roumanian Crown. Surely he deserves more consideration?

* * *

We learn, as we go to press, with profound regret, of the death of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman. The part which Mr. Masterman played in the social achievements of Mr. Asquith's Government before the war is, perhaps, not sufficiently realized by the younger generation of Liberals. In the party, and later in the Government, he was one of the foremost influences in pressing forward an advanced social policy; and upon him fell a large share of the hardest, most important, and least recognized work over the famous Budget of 1909 and the National Insurance Act. Before entering Parliament, he had won distinction as an author. His "Condition of England" was one of the influences which turned the public mind towards social questions in the early years of the present century. He has been closely associated with *THE NATION* since its earliest days. During the last four years he has been our Parliamentary Correspondent, and our readers will greatly miss his weekly sketches of the proceedings of the House of Commons.

THE AFFAIR OF OSCAR SLATER

AFTER eighteen years of inaction and apathy over the case of Oscar Slater, matters are moving very rapidly indeed. Last week the Secretary for Scotland announced in the House of Commons that he had decided to order Slater's release. This week he has announced his willingness, if the matter can be treated as non-controversial, to introduce a Bill giving retrospective effect to the Criminal Appeal (Scotland) Act, 1926, so as to enable him to remit the case to the Court of Criminal Appeal. We assume that this will mean a genuine reconsideration of the justice of the verdict, in the light of all the evidence which was available at the trial and which has come to light since—nothing less, certainly, will suffice.

It is an unusual proceeding to pass a special Act of Parliament in order to inquire into the justice of a particular criminal verdict given eighteen years ago, especially when there is now no question of a sentence which can be quashed. But the circumstances of the case abundantly justify this exceptional procedure. One of the strangest features of the whole strange story is the belatedness of the agitation which has led to the reopening of the case. The verdict of Guilty has disturbed consciences from the moment that it was given at Edinburgh in May, 1909. Hence the commutation of the sentence of death into one of life imprisonment. In 1912, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published his booklet "The Case of Oscar Slater" which, temperately written, and supported at every point by chapter and verse, established, conclusively as it has always seemed to us, an overwhelming presumption of Slater's innocence. Then was the time when one might have expected the investigation which is promised now.

The demand for an inquiry was then, however, diverted in the following manner. A capable detective in the Glasgow police force, Lieutenant Trench, announced that he had important disclosures to make, and asked for immunity against the consequences of official displeasure if he made them. The immunity was, as he thought, conceded and an inquiry appointed to inquire into his disclosures, and into them alone. His disclosures were to the effect that the maid-servant, Lambie, had, at one time, stated to him that she had recognized the murderer as a man, whom she named, acquainted with Miss Gilchrist. Lambie denied having said this; the Glasgow police denied that Lieutenant Trench had reported it to them; it was a case of word against word; and the inquiry held that his allegations were untrue. Lieutenant Trench was dismissed from the police force, and the force appear to have pursued him with considerable retaliatory animosity, arresting him subsequently on a quite baseless charge. Lieutenant Trench is now dead. The question of the truth of his allegations is, in some respects, more important than the question of the guilt of Oscar Slater; and it is greatly to be hoped that the impending investigation may end in clearing up this matter too, which, as it stands, leaves us, at all events, profoundly uncomfortable.

The 1914 inquiry was confined, as we have said, to Trench's allegations; and did nothing to weaken the strong presumption of Slater's innocence established previously by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. There was

manifest need for a general investigation. Before anything could be done, however, the war ensued; and the case of Oscar Slater naturally dropped out of sight. So it has remained, until the appearance a few months ago of Mr. William Park's "The Truth About Oscar Slater." On the publication of this book, coinciding as it did with the climax of excitement over Sacco and Vanzetti, we took the unusual step of devoting our principal leading article to this almost forgotten case, urging that the British public would do better to concern itself with its own judicial beam, rather than with its American brother's mote. We were, we think, the first paper to direct attention prominently to the matter. Our example was followed by a number of our contemporaries. The DAILY NEWS, in particular, set on foot a vigorous agitation in the course of which it succeeded in eliciting certain material new evidence (or rather disclosures discrediting previous evidence), which may be taken to be the immediate cause of the decision to reopen the case.

It is of real public importance, in our judgment, that the case should now be thoroughly explored; for, mixed up with it, are disturbing questions of far-reaching application. There is, first of all, the question of the weight attached to evidence of identification given by persons with no previous knowledge of the person identified. It is disconcerting to recall that Slater's conviction followed within a few years of the sensational *dénouement* in the case of Adolf Beck, with its classic demonstration of the unreliability of this class of evidence, even when voluminous in quantity, and based on good opportunities for observation. Yet, with this lesson still fresh in people's memories, Slater was convicted on evidence of identification which was meagre in quantity, and based on the slightest conceivable opportunities for observation. Just think of it. Certain persons catch a momentary glimpse of the murderer in an imperfect light, rushing out of a house, or past them in the street; certain other persons catch a momentary glimpse of a man who may or may not have been the murderer watching the house on previous days. They give vague, but conflicting, accounts to the police of the man's appearance, so conflicting that the police suppose that *two* men are involved. Yet their impressions remain so vivid and precise that several weeks afterwards some of them are able to identify Slater positively as the man! And this is absolutely all there is to connect Slater with the crime, or even with knowledge of the existence of the murdered woman. It is a serious fact that it should have been possible for a man to have been found guilty on such evidence, even in the form in which it came before the jury at the trial.

Secondly, there is the question of the tendency of the police, once they have committed themselves publicly and decidedly to a certain theory of a crime to seek to establish it as a matter of *amour propre*, no matter what transpires subsequently to upset it; and, with this end in view, to work evidence up and to suppress evidence which does not suit them. The Slater case shows this tendency at work more clearly than any other case which we can recall. Think of it again. The police have come to suspect Slater, because they are following the clue of a valuable brooch, which is miss-

ing from Miss Gilchrist's jewellery, and they are told that Slater had been trying to sell a pawn-ticket for a brooch. They get on Slater's track, find that he has left Glasgow, left the country, their suspicions are confirmed, and they abandon all other lines of investigation. The brooch clue then collapses, admittedly and completely. The brooch pawned by Slater is traced; it is not Miss Gilchrist's missing brooch; it had been pawned several weeks before the murder. Yet the police persist in the pursuit of Slater. Why? There is now no more presumption against him than against any other man who was in Glasgow on the fatal night. Was it reasonable to expect that, by an unparalleled coincidence, a false clue should have put them on the track of the right man?

Well, on the theory of Slater's guilt this unparalleled coincidence occurred. The eye-witnesses said that Slater was the man. But how did they come to say so? The only witnesses who were definite in their iden-

tification were Lambie, Miss Gilchrist's servant, and Mary Barrowman, an errand-girl, both of them young girls, the latter fifteen years of age, who were shown photographs of Slater before being asked to identify him. Lambie, as we now know, but as the jury did not know, had told the police in her original affidavit that she had not seen the murderer's face, and did not know whether he was clean-shaven or wore a moustache or whiskers. Mary Barrowman has now signed an affidavit, published in the *DAILY NEWS*, that she only thought that Slater was "very like the man," and was induced to be more positive as the result of a systematic coaching in the evidence she was to give (entailing at least fifteen interviews) by the Procurator Fiscal.

Assuredly there are ample grounds for a reconsideration of the case. And, now that it is to be reconsidered, it is vital to the repute of British justice that the investigation should be fearless and thoroughgoing.

THE RETREAT OF THE COTTON YARN ASSOCIATION

By J. M. KEYNES.

A FORTNIGHT ago the Cotton Yarn Association relieved its members of the obligation to observe a percentage of short-time and a scale of minimum selling prices. Thus after six months' attempt at regulation, the market in cotton yarn has been again abandoned to unfettered competition and unrestricted supply. In view of previous articles which have appeared in *THE NATION*, readers may be glad to have a short summary of the events of the past year.

Exactly a year ago (November 18th, 1926) I wrote an article in *THE NATION* attacking short-time in the cotton industry as practised by the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, arguing that this method was futile in face of a more or less lasting surplus capacity. I gave figures to show that the prospect of Lancashire's recovering her pre-war trade was remote, and concluded:—

"Lancashire's first need is to face these figures. If they are substantially correct, the termination of the short-time policy is urgently called for, and the substitution for it of a 'rationalizing' process designed to cut down overhead costs by the amalgamation, grouping, or elimination of mills."

This article obtained an unexpected degree of attention in Lancashire, arousing indignation, in some quarters on the ground that it was wrong to act on any other assumption than that Lancashire would recover her pre-war position, and in others on the ground that short-time was the only practicable remedy. It ended in my being invited to meet the Short-Time Committee of the Federation.

At this meeting (November 22nd, 1926) I was challenged to suggest an alternative. I replied that, the existence of surplus capacity being granted, I knew of no methods of curtailing the scale of an industry except bankruptcy, cartels, or amalgamations, or variations of these three, and continued:—

"Bankruptcy would not take place without a grave struggle; and losses on the part of those made bankrupt would react on those not made bankrupt. . . . In a cartel the individual businesses maintain their separate identity. They are each allotted quotas by the cartel managers. These quotas are transferable. . . . The remaining type which has been appropriate in certain industries, are amalgamations, either complete amalgamations or, more probably, holding companies which buy

a great number of mills in order to close down some of them, strengthen their finances, and concentrate the business on those that remain."

In the discussions which followed this meeting it emerged clearly that there were no individuals in Lancashire ready to take the initiative to form an amalgamation, but that there was in existence an active Committee with ideas analogous to that of the Cartel. There was nothing else constructive in the field; and the plans and personnel of this Committee seemed to represent, as they still do, the best hopes of the future.

Out of this Committee emerged the Cotton Yarn Association. There was a danger that the Association's policy might be no more than the old short-time practices *plus* an attempt to fix prices unduly high, but there was reason to hope that the Association might develop along Cartel lines leading eventually to a concentration of output.

The first task was to persuade spinners owning 19,000,000 spindles—which proportion of the industry (in the neighbourhood of 70 per cent.) was fixed on as representing the minimum effective membership—to join up. After three months' hard work by the Committee this objective was just achieved, and on April 22nd, 1927, the members were allotted their quotas, which varied according to the class of yarn spun. This was followed on May 13th by a list of minimum prices to be observed by the members, and later in the summer by an arrangement which made the allotted quotas of output transferable between members. At the same time the statistical side of the Association's work was developed and perfected, so that for the first time full details of output, stock, and unfilled orders were available to guide the management in fixing the allotment of quotas. Thus a complete machinery was set up for the operation of a Cartel.

If the demand for Lancashire's output of American cotton goods had been maintained at even 70 per cent. of capacity, the Cotton Yarn Association would probably have been successful. Last winter most spinners were anticipating this level of output. But my own more gloomy forecasts were nearer the truth. Demand sank to 50 or 60 per cent. In such conditions a Cartel covering not more than 70 per cent. of the industry was not strong enough for

effective operation. Outside firms could, by undercutting the Association's minimum prices by a fraction of a penny, secure far more than their due proportion of the business going. Thus the efforts of the Association to curtail output redounded, especially in certain sections, much more to the advantage of non-members than to that of members.

Clearly this was an impossible situation. Either the Association must increase its membership or it must release its members from their restrictions. At a crowded meeting held in Manchester on September 6th, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, a new campaign was launched to bring in the minority. At the same time it was proposed that all sections of the industry should support an "unofficial Royal Commission" to discover how Lancashire could reduce her costs and regain her markets.

This meeting was followed by prolonged negotiations in a Committee, convened under the auspices of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, representing both the Yarn Association and Spinners outside the Association. After endless hours of wrangling and substantial concessions by the Association from their own ideas of sound policy, a compromise was threshed out by which an agreed system of short time and minimum prices should be observed both by members of the Association and by non-members. The Federation recommended this solution to the trade; the members of the Yarn Association honoured the bargain reached by their representatives; but the non-members repudiated the bargain reached by theirs. So the attempt at a concordat had proved entirely abortive.

In view of this no course was open to the Yarn Association except to release their members—for the time being at least—from all restrictions, and to return to unfettered competition until the air was clearer. I am sure that this course was right and in some ways preferable even to the success of the compromise, since the latter almost abandoned the Cartel idea and was little better than a return to the futile short-time practices of 1926 and earlier years.

The future is obscure. Bankruptcy is beginning, but whether this will clear the way or only make things worse, is hard to say. Perhaps the Yarn Association may revive its Cartel functions later on with more hope of success. Perhaps its leading spirits will feel that the best chance now lies in some closer form of amalgamation and that a smaller number of mills coming together more intimately, *e.g.*, with common financial arrangements, might be stronger than a larger number more loosely associated.

One thing at least has been accomplished in this year of wordy warfare. Most people in Lancashire now recognize the existence of a problem of surplus capacity. What was assailed, when I suggested it a year ago, with a storm of mingled interest and indignation, is now a commonplace. An important paper by Mr. Barnard Ellinger on "Lancashire's Declining Trade with China," read before the Manchester Statistical Society on November 9th, confirms the extreme seriousness of the position and the necessity of new methods, but it does not suggest that the bankruptcy of the spinners is the highway to success. On the other hand, no one has yet propounded any fourth alternative to the three original alternatives of Bankruptcy, Cartellization, or Combines.

I have paid several visits to Manchester in the past year in conditions where I have had exceptional opportunities of hearing opinions from all quarters; and I have always come away with a feeling of intense pessimism. I am not surprised at the breakdown of the loyal efforts which have been made with so much ability and good temper by Mr. Lincoln Tattersall and his fellow directors of the Yarn Association and Mr. John Ryan, their secretary. There is something desperately discouraging—insensitive, stale,

unadaptable—in the atmosphere of Lancashire to-day towards any constructive effort—an atmosphere much more ominous in my opinion than the statistical facts of the industry. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the efforts of the Yarn Association have been watched even in more or less impartial quarters with a curious, half-malicious hostility which would scarcely be deserved even if the Association's ideas were intellectually misguided.

The atmosphere is compounded of several different elements which it is difficult to distinguish and describe. First of all, of course, there is the temper of the minority spinners, sturdy, independent, greedy, short-sighted, as full as Guelphs and Ghibellines of local jealousies and passions and ruthlessness to neighbours across the way, born of ancient feuds and ancestral struggles to survive. The Capulets of Royton will not lie down with its Montagus. On the other hand, the leaders of the operatives play a waiting game, and will not readily subscribe to any policy which aims at a regulated curtailment.

Next there are the innumerable other elements in the vast cotton industry, who have been accustomed too long to enjoy a mediocre prosperity at the expense of the spinners' losses, and whose immediate interest might be affected unfavourably by a strengthening of the spinners' position—who rather prefer, in fact, to see the spinners weak and tender to the touch. Manchester itself is, of course, a lily of the field so far as spinning is concerned. Oldham, Rochdale, and Royton are apart from Manchester, and Manchester's direct sympathies are not primarily with the spinners. The export houses and warehousemen, the strong and prosperous spinners and manufacturers of fine cottons, the leaders of the monopolistic finishing trades, the great engineering firms, all these have a certain contempt for the small men, the spinners of American cotton. Yet it is well to remember that these small men occupy a key position in what is still the greatest export industry of the country.

Then there are the moralists who remember the unholy goings on of the boom period, reflect that Nemesis follows, and perhaps half-welcome her. Finally, there is a respectable body of academic opinion which has been taught (and teaches) to distrust monopolies, combines, and the like, and wonders, perhaps with reason, whether the existing combines do not contain unwholesome elements which one would not wish to see one more section of the industry learning to imitate.

Thus and with these ingredients, good and bad and indifferent, phlegm and spleen and frog's brains, and rosemary for remembrance, is the witch's cauldron filled. And it is all, to my mind, very depressing and very ominous too.

All through the year the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN has warmly supported those who have been trying to do something. For this reason the division of Manchester opinion and the lack of any general will to action is all the better illustrated by the perverse attitude of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN COMMERCIAL. A year ago, when this controversy first began, they deprecated combines; they do not like short-time; they are opposed to Cartels, and have sniped at the Yarn Association from the outset; yet, as a final completion of the closed circle of negatives, they objected, in an article last week (November 10th, 1927) which, in view of previous articles, can only be described as impudent, to the Yarn Association's retreat, and—after having done nothing to help the Association to win through—blame its reluctant abandonment of regulations which were penalizing its own members against outsiders. At the same time the existence of a surplus capacity problem is now unreservedly recognized. The sterile unhelpfulness of the Manchester atmosphere could not be better shown.

THE ROUMANO-HUNGARIAN AFFAIR

[The writer of the following article, Professor Östen Undén, of Uppsala University, was the Swedish representative on the Council of the League in 1926, and took a prominent part in the crisis which arose on the composition of the Council.—ED., NATION.]

THE Roumano-Hungarian controversy about the rights of Hungarian property-owners in the territories transferred under the Treaty of Trianon from Hungary to Roumania has already been dealt with in an interesting article in *THE NATION* by Mr. Wilson Harris. The intricacy of the problem might, however, justify some complementary remarks from a lawyer's point of view.

In order to obtain a fair idea of the problems which this dispute has brought forth, it is important to keep separated the political and the legal aspects of the case. It is possible to take the view that in an international affair the political considerations should prevail over the legal ones and that consequently the latter should not be allowed to play a decisive part when the question is treated by the League. On the other hand, it may be not only useful, but even indispensable to make clear the legal rights and duties of the Parties before the League enters upon the consideration of the political merits of the case, or meditates on the possible political result of a legal treatment of it. And it will simply confuse the issue if these different viewpoints are mixed up in such a manner that one pretends to have followed the juridical line while in reality political considerations have prevailed. It appears, however, that at the last meeting of the Council this latter method was applied to the discussions of the Roumano-Hungarian dispute. When the *rapporteur* reproached the Roumano-Hungarian Arbitral Tribunal for having exceeded its competence and when he presented the proposal of the Council's Committee (composed of three members of the Council) as the proper legal solution, his attitude created the impression that he had placed himself on a strictly legal basis. As, however, at the same time the *rapporteur* decidedly opposed himself to the idea of obtaining an advisory opinion from the Hague Court, one must doubt whether the interpretation of the Treaty presented in the report, as the result of an examination made by legal experts, was in reality incontestable. To refer the question to the Hague Court had otherwise been a particularly comfortable way to get rid of the dispute. It is true that Roumania opposed herself to such a step. But there is no reason why this resistance should put a check on the Council. If the *rapporteur's* interpretation of the Treaty is correct, Roumania would gain her cause, Hungary having bound herself beforehand to accept the verdict of the Court.

Under these circumstances one is entitled to suppose that in the eyes of the members of the Council's Committee the political considerations in reality prevailed over the legal ones. These political considerations, what are they? As far as I can see they may be comprised in the idea that a decision favourable to Hungary would imply considerable difficulties of a social, financial, and political kind to Roumania. If some hundreds of Hungarian property-owners in Roumania were entitled to retain there immovable property or to obtain reasonable compensation on account of expropriation, discontent would arise among the Roumanian landowners and perhaps give them occasion to raise the same claim. To pay the amounts claimed by the Hungarians would possibly exceed the capacity of the Roumanian exchequer. Moreover, if the land reform should again be subjected to discussion, internal political disturbances would arise, especially if the question was taken

up on account of Hungarian claims. Hence it seems to follow that the Council should not take the risk of a decision by the Court which might possibly be in the favour of Hungary.

However, there are arguments to be advanced against such a standpoint. From declarations made to the Council by the Hungarian representative it appears that the Hungarian Government does not insist that the Hungarian landowners should retain possession of their immovable property, but would be satisfied with a reasonable compensation. If then a correct interpretation of the Treaty of Trianon establishes a right for the Hungarian landowners to obtain compensation for their properties and if the Treaty recognizes the competence of the Roumano-Hungarian Arbitral Tribunal to decide on controversies of this nature, it would not be an unjust demand from the Hungarian side to have this legal claim established. *After satisfaction has been given on this point* it may be possible for the League to contribute to a practical and reasonable arrangement of the question of compensation. Under the Treaty of Trianon Hungary has undertaken enormous obligations for reparations. The League of Nations has contributed to the establishment of a "Dawes-plan" for Hungary. In virtue of this arrangement her debts have been restricted, through concessions by her creditors, with regard to the next twenty years. (The reparation payments during the mentioned period amount to a yearly average of ten million gold crowns.) Without making any comparison between the cases in other respects, one might find it quite natural that the League should offer its services to Roumania, if she were declared obliged, under the Treaty, to pay too big an amount as compensation. There is no starting-point for a mediation, however, before it has been decided whether the claims for compensation are, according to the Treaty, altogether without foundation or entirely legitimate.

The legal aspects of the question which present themselves to the Council are of two kinds. In the first place they concern the interpretation of the Treaty of Trianon regarding the competence of the Arbitral Tribunal and the existence of a right to obtain compensation for immovable property in favour of the Hungarian landowners. In the second place the question has come under debate whether the League is entitled to intervene in a dispute which according to a treaty in force shall be decided by an arbitral tribunal.

On the first question it is sufficient to observe that if the Council considers it doubtful whether the Roumano-Hungarian Arbitral Tribunal has not exceeded its competence, as the Roumanian Government pretends, the Council could find no higher legal authority than the Hague Court to give an impartial interpretation of the Treaty. And it may be added that a high juridical authority is needed, if the Council is going to contest the validity of an award already pronounced by an arbitral tribunal as to its own competence. The Hague Court may hesitate to act as an instance superior to the Hungarian-Roumanian Tribunal. Still I think it hardly probable that under the present circumstances the Court would refuse to deliver an advisory opinion if invited to do so by the Council.

As a principle the other legal aspect of the question—that regarding the possibility of mediation by the Council in a case submitted to a court of arbitration—is of vital importance, particularly for the smaller States. Does the Covenant really allow the Council to intervene any time it thinks fit in a dispute which according to a treaty in force shall be referred to a court of arbitration? An affirmative reply would mean the undermining of the whole system of arbitration. When Sweden, for instance, in rela

tion to States having made a corresponding pledge accepted the jurisdiction of the Hague Court, this action was taken trusting in the authority and impartiality of the Court. If in a dispute between Sweden and another State which also had accepted the optional clause in the rules of the Court, this State evaded the jurisdiction of the Court and instead requested the Council to mediate, Sweden's position would be quite changed. Still more would this be the case if our adversary were a Great Power with a considerable influence in the Council. Also the position of the Hague Court as well as that of every international tribunal would be unendurable if at any moment the Council could interfere in its activities.

In the Covenant it is also expressly stated that disputes already submitted to arbitration shall not be brought before the Council. And in connection with the report on the Corfu incident presented by a committee of legal experts, the Council took the following formal decision regarding the interpretation of the Covenant:—

"Where *contrary to the terms of Article 15, paragraph 1*, a dispute is submitted to the Council on the application of one of the parties, where such a dispute already forms the subject of arbitration or of judicial proceedings, the Council must refuse to consider the application."

It would mean a fatal blow to the arbitration system if the Council set aside an arbitral award, pretending it to be the result of a wrong interpretation of a treaty by the tribunal, and if the Council did so without the support of an advisory opinion from the Hague Court. It may be answered that, if Hungary refused to accept voluntarily the reversal of the tribunal's award, the Council could simply abstain from nominating a substitute judge as stipulated by the treaty in the event of a vacancy, created through the withdrawal by one of the parties of its representative. But such an attitude would be a singular application of the very important Article 13 in the Covenant:—

"In the event of any failure to carry out such an award (*i.e.*, arbitral award) or decision, the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto."

ÖSTEN UNDÉN.

LIFE AND POLITICS

MR. H. G. WELLS has become a temporary member of the Liberal Party for the purposes of the Southend election. His point is interesting. The Baldwin Government, he says with pardonable overemphasis, is heading straight to war. The first and imperative duty of everyone, irrespective of party, is therefore to turn it out. At Southend, Mr. Wells thinks this policy dictates voting for Mr. Meston, for a stout effort might get the Liberal in (as was very nearly the case in 1923), whereas there is no prospect of getting in the Labour man (whom Mr. Wells would prefer) under any circumstances. Mr. Wells's feeling for the essentials in a situation has, I think, guided him aright. He is a member of a party, but he is not a partisan, or a "pugnacious slave of the herd instinct." The partisan in this sense is a destructive and wasteful force in politics as they have now developed into a situation where there is one over-riding necessity—to stop by any means the general backward slide into reaction which has followed from Mr. Baldwin's slack rule and the mastery which his "strong men" have effected over his amiable weakness. I think that the party managers on the progressive side do not understand the extent to which this Wellsian opportunism is becoming the creed of enlightened people who regard parties as means and not as ends. The latter see that the danger of a bad issue from the next election lies

precisely in the unfettered working of the pugnacity of party men, voting blindly as if there was some merit in "loyalty" divorced from all calculation of what will do the trick in the given circumstances. So long as this spirit prevails the plain fact is that Toryism will continue to divide and rule. One is, of course, told that civil war among Progressives is inevitable, in much the same way as international war is said to be inevitable—and becomes so by that saying.

* * *

The political "bosses" of Labour are somewhat uneasy about the possible effect of the Trade Union Act upon the party chest. In spite of the recent optimistic forecast, I hear that the officials of some important unions are finding that large numbers of members are not signing on. Whether these members belong to other parties and are asserting a genuine political independence, or whether they are, in the manner of all human beings, merely avoiding the necessity of paying money, I cannot say. What is certain is that there is anxiety at headquarters about the position. The Tory calculation that there would in practice be a real difference between contracting-in and contracting-out may prove to be sound. It does require moral courage of a remarkable kind in a trade unionist or a small group of members to defy the powerful pressure of official and mass opinion and apply for exemption. But the way is made easy now for refusal to sign by minorities; indeed, in some branches the moral courage is now required by those who sign on. Without arguing the general question over again, it must be recognized, I think, that Liberal and Tory trade unionists are not eccentric exceptions, but sometimes a very substantial proportion of membership. This has been admitted by Mr. Bevin, and only a few days ago an I.L.P. leader put it another way when he remarked that great numbers of trade unionists are social reformers, but by no means necessarily Socialists. The anxiety of the party managers, who are alarmed by the prospect of a weakening of the base on which political Labour has been built—the solid mass of paying trade unionists—is probably justified. The genuine feeling in many unions that political action has been carried too far is causing a cautious retreat to safety. No doubt the reluctance to agree to the political levy is to be explained in some unions by the prevailing poverty; this is the case with the unskilled workers, always the most difficult to organize and control.

* * *

As the Cardiff Conference showed, the Government is under strong pressure from the Tory clubs to take up the drink question, which means, roughly, that they want an hour longer for drinking at night. Such a concession would be a reckless challenge to Puritanism, and the Government is not likely to risk it. It is obvious that the regulations about hours, which are a legacy from war time, are in a beautiful state of muddle. I have never been able to see any sense (for instance) in allowing London to have an hour more for drinking than the rest of the country, still less in the arrangement by which it is left to the magistrates in each London borough to distribute the nine hours as pleases them best. The absurdities arising from this riot of local autonomy are, of course, notorious. A resolute drinker by skilful dodging from borough to borough can get an extra hour on weekdays and, I am told, an hour and a half on Sundays. Why not have uniformity for London, at least? I hope the Cabinet will resist the pressure from the clubs and refuse to lengthen the hours anywhere, although there seems no reason why hours in the country should not be rearranged so as to deprive the inn-keeper of the excuse for closing in the afternoon against eaters and seekers for shelter as well as against drinkers. The real instrument for temperance is not so much hours as

drastic taxation which has about quadrupled the price of a bottle of whisky and taken most of the mischief out of beer.

* * *

The most remarkable feature of Armistice week was the support, as unexpected as it was emphatic, given to the demand for disarmament in the popular Tory newspapers. Some people take a cynical view, and say that this conversion is too sudden to last. This is, I think, a superficial view. The newspaper magnates know fairly well what is dimly rising to consciousness in the minds of their public, and as their manner is, they are responding to it. They are themselves too well-informed not to know that peace is the major interest of this country; that we of all nations have the smallest chance of surviving another shock like the last. This belief is now slowly penetrating through the mass of our people, and the popular Press knows that it will lose nothing by expressing it. Ever since I can remember, the indifference of the newspapers has been a stock subject of despair with pacifists. Here, then, is something new and something good, and it is precisely in the stunt Press that this advocacy is most valuable. These papers reach people who would never read pacifist speeches or Liberal leading articles. If the penny Tory Press will take up peace as a stunt so much the better for the cause, and even if, as is the nature of these things, it is soon dropped for something new, good will be done. If people can be only started thinking about peace, the rest may follow, for the appeal is to fundamentals, and a stunt may start an irresistible pressure upon Governments.

* * *

I had the pleasure recently of a heart to heart talk with a bosom friend and supporter of "Big Bill" Thompson. I wanted to know from this very nice specimen of the municipal "boss" what all the trouble was about. He told me—copiously and in vivid vernacular. The Mayor of Chicago has been, it seems, traduced over here. He does not hate the English; it is not in that large and generous nature to hate anyone—not even Mr. McAndrews, badly as that misguided person has acted towards George Washington. Mr. Thompson is merely a "patriot," alarmed, and justly so, by the invasion of 100-per-cent. Americanism by a flood of aliens contemptuous of or indifferent to the grand old institutions and principles of the Founders. So, in more picturesque language than I can reproduce, Big Bill's apologist. As I listened, I detected behind my friend's genial verbosity a sign of fear. Big Bill Thompson and his friends think that American unity cannot continue if once general attendance at the worship of George Washington ceases to be imposed, as the worship of the Roman Emperors was imposed on all. Hence this revival of the persecuting spirit, the offspring of panic. It is felt more or less vaguely that it will never do to allow the truth to be written and taught about the American revolt; what the Chicago patriots want is not history but a slogan. My friend clearly believed that walloping George Washington is treachery which opens the gate to a polyglot crowd of enemies. Big Bill Thompson is a fool with a purpose.

* * *

The B.B.C. has a hard job to satisfy at once the low, the mezzo, and the high brows, and I am not willing to throw stones at them by way of a present for their fifth birthday, which is being celebrated this week. When I venture to attack public nuisances like betting at greyhound races, people reproach me for my "illiberalism." I am told that Liberalism is freedom for people to do what they like, and that the proper attitude to such things is to say nothing, and stay away. This is not the place for me to make a reasoned reply to what is, I think, false doctrine. Staying away—that is turning off the tap—is the only possible

course, I gladly concede, in the case of the painful part in the wireless programmes. They are planned for discriminate choice, not for wholesale endurance. Like the Director-General of the B.B.C., I silence my magic box at the approach of variety—and jazz. It is to the credit of the B.B.C. that they refused to surrender to the showmen who were prepared to give the public what it is supposed (by showmen) to want. That would have brought wireless down to the level of the cinema at once. Substantial success has been earned in part by the policy of giving the public something "just a little better than it thinks it wants." The wireless is still trying out a new technique, and will in time wisely discard certain things—I would include plays—which are definitely failures in this medium. My birthday present to the B.B.C. will be a word of thanks for two noble pleasures which I owe to it these last few days. One was listening to the incomparable voice of Lord Balfour reciting on Armistice Night the funeral oration of Pericles; the other, the "Messiah," albeit mangled by omissions and a weak chorus.

* * *

As the result of the stir in the newspapers the American Greville is selling fast over here. People who would never dream of reading the eight volumes are spending money on this eccentric edition, lured, I suppose, by the prospect of more scandal about Queen Victoria. Occasionally one is partly amused and partly annoyed to see some masterpiece, such as "Les Misérables," on the bookstalls labelled "the Book of the Film." This is the film of the book—a bad attempt to adapt cinema methods to literature, with its silly captions and deplorable rearrangement of the material. I hope that the outcome of this foolish business will be that some publisher will think it worth while to arrange for a scholarly reissue of the Journal, incorporating in the proper places such passages from the additional matter now available as are worth it, and they would not be many, for the old editor seems to have dealt very judiciously with the vast mass of the Greville papers. If this is impracticable, there might surely be a good one or two-volume selection, which is as much as the ordinary reader is likely to want. If Mr. Lytton Strachey would do this with introduction and notes I would buy it if I had to go without several dinners.

* * *

Jix is a thoroughly good fellow and deserves his universal popularity. Even Communists and Anglo-Catholics like him. He is the playboy of the Baldwin Cabinet. He is full of philanthropy, pugnacity, and good nature. The EVENING STANDARD the other night introduced us to Jix's mother—a dear old lady. Nothing more touchingly absurd has appeared in a newspaper for a long time than the reminiscences of Mrs. Hicks. She tells us how she brought up Jix with an old-fashioned blend of severity and kindness, and that he was, what he still is—a nice boy. Not particularly clever (quite so), but friendly and talkative. "Even as a small child," we learn, "he thought things out for himself." Perhaps Jix has not quite fulfilled his childhood's promise in this matter; nowadays he is fond of acting first and thinking afterwards. According to his mother he could always be depended upon to do the right thing. Is this still an accurate description? Mr. Baldwin would know. This delightful article may start a new fashion in estimates of the great—the family estimate. Our enterprising newspapers should follow it up. Mr. Anthony Asquith might oblige with the verdict of the modern generation on Lord Oxford, or perhaps Mr. Oliver Baldwin supply a critical sketch of the politics of his father. None of these domestic critics I am sure could equal Mrs. Hicks in charm.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIBERALISM AND ECONOMY

SIR,—I am sure there are many Liberals who, like myself, do not belong to any "certain school" and are not truthfully described as "economy fanatics," who yet feel strongly that a real disservice is being done to Liberalism by your attitude towards economy. We believe it to be essential to emphasize the gravity of our present national expenditure in relation to national income, and we shall refuse to tell the electorate that large measures of social reform can be expected from the Liberal Party at this juncture, because we are convinced that the country cannot afford it and that the increased expenditure involved would defeat the purposes we have in view whilst jeopardizing the standard of life of those we seek to benefit. We believe that the Liberal Party might well differentiate itself from both the other parties by a greater austerity of propaganda, with benefit to the country and advantage to itself. We agree that, apart from armaments, no great cut in our national expenditure can be secured unless the social services are interfered with, and that we do not for a moment suggest. What we are concerned with is to arrest the "mounting load of expenditure," to effect all possible, if minor, economies, to fight the policy of subsidies, and to scrutinize critically any extension of the pledging of State credit, so as not further to retard the industrial recovery upon which alone we build hopes of greater elasticity of revenue. We view with grave apprehension such grim facts as:—

- (a) A revenue of 797 millions leaving a deficit of 36 millions.
- (b) A falling off in the return from income tax.
- (c) An estimated decrease in national savings of 150 millions seriously hampering our power to lend abroad and lessening the beneficial results these loans bring in their train to our industries and our people.
- (d) An adverse balance of trade.
- (e) A diminution of national credit adding to the difficulty and cost of essential conversion schemes.
- (f) Our high costs of production, in which rates and taxation are both considerable factors.
- (g) The waste of strikes and lockouts.

And we find in these solid grounds for an appeal for economy and some justification for our contention that the aim of sound finance—"the durable enlargement of productive power"—is being lost sight of. We are not deceived by the specious plea that a high income tax is no hindrance to industry, and we believe it to be false economics to suggest that further taxation spent on social services will not involve loss of productive power to the detriment of the interests of the many.

Three years ago at the Liberal Summer School Mr. W. T. Layton drew up a hypothetical Budget for 1933. If I remember aright, the revenue was then to be 680 millions, expenditure 630 millions, social services 130 millions, income tax 3s. in the £. I presume this was not the "certain school" you refer to, but I commend the figures to your consideration.

I refrain from arguing as to the desirability of the return to the gold standard since that fortunately is an accomplished fact, but may I point out that in your references to this fact you invariably refrain from drawing attention to the advantages to a great exporting country of cheaper imports consequent upon this piece of sound finance?—Yours, &c.,

J. FREEMAN DUNN.

Poynings, Sheldon Avenue, Highgate, N.6.

November 8th, 1927.

[We are sufficiently concerned for Mr. Dunn's good opinion to ask our readers' indulgence for a lengthy reply. We doubt if there is any very important difference between Mr. Dunn and ourselves on the question of financial policy, as distinct from that of the tactfulness of the language in which we have chosen to express ourselves. We agree with him that further "large measures of social reform" (of the public expenditure type) must be ruled out for the time being; and we have never hesitated to say so. He agrees with us that "apart from armaments no great cut in our national expenditure" is possible without a reactionary social policy which he does not "for a moment suggest." And we are united, of course, in deploring a financial situa-

tion which so narrowly circumscribes both the possibilities of relief for the taxpayer and the opportunities of social reform.

One further point of agreement. While we may account for this unpleasant financial situation somewhat differently from Mr. Dunn, since we regard the increase in the value of money as largely responsible both for the general stringency and, in particular, for that "falling off in the return from income tax" which causes him concern, we do not dispute that financial profligacy in the past has added greatly to the difficulties. Mr. Dunn speaks of the need for fighting "the policy of subsidies." He will do us the justice to admit that in the days when all sorts of subsidy schemes were being advocated, and some of them adopted, we criticized every project of the kind with particular emphasis and thoroughness. We do not refer merely to obvious cases from the Liberal standpoint, such as the coal subsidy. We were prompt to come down severely on Sir Alfred Mond's project for subsidizing employment, by which many Liberals seemed to be attracted. In the days of the Labour Government, we incurred a certain amount of ill-favour in Liberal circles by the persistence with which we criticized what seemed to us an unnecessary enlargement of the housing subsidy. And again, though this is not a case of a subsidy, we were almost alone in the Liberal Party in expressing serious doubts as to the wisdom of introducing the Pensions Act in the economic environment of 1925.

If Mr. Dunn asks us why then we choose to speak disrespectfully of economy as a cry, we answer that we prefer to direct our warnings against the dangers which exist rather than against those which have disappeared. It was a large part of our case in deprecating policies of expenditure in the past, that they would almost certainly lead to a "stupid, indiscriminating, paralyzing anti-waste reaction." That is precisely what we have got, and we conceive it to be now the duty of Liberals to protest against the stupidity and lack of discrimination of this reaction rather than to egg it on. We shall confine ourselves to one leading instance of the mischief done by indiscriminating economy talk.

Perhaps the most important financial question at the present time is the distribution of the burden of public expenditure *between rates and taxes*. In many of our depressed areas, heavy rates and huge debts constitute a very serious problem, which presses urgently for solution; for heavy rates are a far more serious impediment to trade than a 4s. income tax. Any adequate solution must entail the principle of the transference of burdens from rates to taxes, whether by increased grants in aid, or, as we have suggested, by removing the relief of unemployment altogether from the Poor Law and handing over to the State the function of relieving the able-bodied. This would lead, we believe, to a diminution in the total volume of *public expenditure*; but it would, of course, swell the Budget figures; and the effect of the economy agitation, which insists on fastening on the total Budget figures as the criterion of economical finance, is to press heavily in the opposite direction, to induce the Treasury to try to cut down grants in aid, and generally push more burdens on to rates. To say complacently that you are in favour of reducing both rates and taxes is simply to shirk this and similar problems.

By the way, Mr. Dunn forgets that Mr. Layton, in the paper to which he refers, expressly excluded items like the Post Office and the Road Fund from his figures.—Ed., NATION.]

ALTERING FRONTIERS BY WAR

SIR,—I remark your return to the attack on the Protocol in your note on Emil Ludwig's article in the OBSERVER. You ask how many Protocolists "share this confusion" of desiring at once the pacific settlement of all disputes without exception and the revision of frontiers. Probably all English Protocolists do, if it be confusion; but I deny that it is, if by confusion you mean a lack of logic. Is our difference not, in fact, one of psychology, rather than of logic? You, seemingly, believe that the Poles (backed by France) will more readily concede decent conditions to Germany if they are afraid of her than they would if they should cease to be afraid of her. We, who think the Protocol with all its faults was truly an amendment of the Covenant, believe that the way

to rational behaviour between nations is to proscribe war and cast out fear.

Prophecy is a dangerous business, which I won't embark on, but at least the past has shown that the changing of frontiers by wars or threats of wars has not led to peace. Why should it? If one war draws a line here, the next may draw it there. Man is a gambling animal. Let us cut out the prizes.—Yours, &c.,
H. M. SWANWICK.
Kew Gardens.

MR. SHAW AND MUSSOLINI

SIR,—In his letter to THE NATION of November 12th, 1927, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw usurps the rôle of Minister of Foreign Affairs of the British Government when he asks: "Are we to recognize the Government of Signor Mussolini as for the time being the constitutional Government of Italy, or are we to treat him as Mr. Winston Churchill treated Lenin?"

But, unless I am mistaken, the Foreign Minister of the British Government is Sir Austen Chamberlain, and no one has ever dreamt of asking Sir Austen to withdraw British recognition from Mussolini's Government.

Mr. Shaw is a private citizen who occupies a prominent position among the intelligentsia of to-day, and claims to be a Socialist. This Socialist casts contempt and ridicule on those Socialists who do not accept the accomplished fact of the Fascist Dictatorship in Italy. When he published his letters in praise of the Dictator and his dictatorship, he was well aware that of his letters only those parts would be published in Italy which were after the wishes of Mussolini, and that nobody in Italy would be allowed to call them into question. Moreover, of the more important of his two letters, he composed two different versions, one for Italy, from which everything in the least displeasing to the Dictator was eliminated, and the other for the rest of the world, in which Mr. Shaw gave himself the air of an unbiased judge by letting slip some truths unpalatable to the Dictator. Lastly, when his letter appeared in Italy with an interpolation which reversed its meaning in a highly important point, Mr. Shaw abstained from all expression of opinion. This is something more than "to advocate civility" towards Mussolini. It is to become an active partisan of Mussolini.

In so doing, Mr. Shaw assumed no political responsibility comparable in any way with that of a Foreign Minister of the British Government. He assumed, as a private citizen, two intellectual and moral responsibilities:

(a) With levity and presumption he passed judgment on the affairs of a country about which he is absolutely ignorant and about which he cannot open his mouth without making crass blunders.

(b) In passing judgment he took up a moral standpoint in flat contradiction with all his literary past.

These are the responsibilities to which he has committed himself in a moment (which it is to be hoped will soon pass) of mental aberration and moral perversity. These are the responsibilities from which he has no right to divert the attention of the readers of THE NATION by raising the question, which never arose and never will arise, as to whether the British Government should or should not recognize Mussolini.

Mr. Shaw admits that there is one question on which he has the "right" to give his valuable advice to Mussolini, i.e., that of the treatment of the Germans of South Tyrol, annexed to Italy, for whom Mr. Shaw in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN of October 28th, demanded a "Free State." I do not know if this sop will be sufficient to placate the German audiences who go to see Mr. Shaw's plays. I wonder why Mr. Shaw demands a "Free State" for the 180,000 Germans of South Tyrol, while casting ridicule on those Italians who demand a "Free State" for 40 million Italians. I wonder why Mr. Shaw generously extends his patronage to the opponents of Mussolini, if they are Germans, while extending his patronage to Mussolini against his opponents, if they are Italians. I wonder why Mr. Shaw expects the Italian opponents to exile Mussolini if they want to deserve Mr. Shaw's recognition, while not expecting the same of the Germans of South Tyrol.

In any case, it is well that Mr. Shaw should know that in the version of his letter published in Italy, all mention of South Tyrol was suppressed. Mr. Shaw hopes to be not

only the Lord Protector but even the influential counsellor of Mussolini. Mussolini accepts his services only as propaganda agent.—Yours, &c.,
GAETANO SALVEMINI.

20, Warwick Square, S.W.1.

November 15th, 1927.

SIR,—Fools step in where angels fear to tread, but perhaps I may be permitted to supplement your comments on Mr. Shaw's letter in your last issue.

Mr. Shaw's attitude towards Mussolini seems largely determined by two strong antipathies. One is a distaste, shared by most Liberals, for the indiscriminate abuse of Russia in which many people are wont to indulge. But this, I think, has led Mr. Shaw to draw a false parallel. May we not say that there are two main reasons why we are apt to find denunciation of Russia so tiresome? One is that most of the criticism directed upon it is ill-informed, the other, that even the most ardent admirers of the Bolshevik regime are fully aware of the objections to which it is open. In the case of Italy, however, the facts are never for a moment in question; and yet, since abuse of Fascism has never become a Press "stunt," its admirers will often be found to be blind even to its most glaring faults. Surely, then, this is just the kind of case in which criticism is valuable. I can hardly believe that Mr. Shaw really thinks that criticism of another country's home policy is always to be deprecated.

The object of Mr. Shaw's second antipathy is, of course, as you pointed out in your article "Mr. Shaw and Mussolini," and as he admits himself in his letter, Gladstonian Liberalism. His abuse of his old *bête noir*, however, hardly seems to me to affect the point at issue; nor do I think it applicable to the Liberalism of to-day. Still less can I subscribe to his statement that the Liberal Party is in agreement with the Conservatives on every vital English question. In this connection I was amused to see, in an adjacent column, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald cited as saying, "Liberals are simply robbing the Labour orchard of its ripe apples." I find it a little hard to see how both these statements can be true.—Yours, &c.,
L. A. GARRARD.

Elmhurst, Romsey, Hants.

YES AND NO

SIR,—I have been in the habit of looking to THE NATION to give clear expression to my more or less inchoate views on political questions, and I am glad to find it still perfectly firm in its attitude to the Geneva Protocol. It is quite understandable that the smaller Powers, and especially the Succession States, should wish to stereotype the frontiers laid down at Paris in 1919, but it has always been a mystery to me how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues could wish in 1924 after all that had passed to bind this country to fight for anything so glaringly unjust as, for instance, the Settlements of Upper Silesia, the Polish Corridor, Memel, Vilna, and the Southern Tyrol, not to mention Transylvania and Galicia. Mr. Lloyd George does well to recall the need for applying Article 19 of the Covenant in these connections, and ought to have the unanimous support of the Labour Party in so doing.

On Proportional Representation, however, I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that we must part company. I ventured to say at the Autumn Conference of the Scottish Liberal Federation three years ago that the two-party system was at an end; that no Party was likely again to secure a majority of the votes at a General Election (the present two-hundred majority in the House of Commons has not a majority of the votes cast and goes "towards the Right" although the country is going "towards the Left"); consequently that the proper course appeared to be for all Parties to fight the battle each to the best of its ability without previous arrangement regarding coalition or co-operation. After the Election the Leader of the Party securing the largest number of members would be called upon to form a Government. It would be for him to arrange a Ministry with the Leaders of the Party holding on main issues convictions nearest to his own.

At the previous General Election the official Manifestoes of the Liberal Party and the Labour Party showed that they were in agreement on nine-tenths of their Programme—work sufficient to occupy several Parliaments. If Proportional Representation were carried Parties would become more numerous, but there would still be many issues on which a

substantial majority would be in agreement. The result would be Group Government—why not?—and I think the natural corollary would be Parliaments for fixed periods of, say, three years, dissolution within the period only to be competent in exceptional circumstances strictly defined beforehand. This might result in changes of Ministers or even Ministries without a fresh appeal to the country, but would deprive Governments of the *compulsitor* by which members are often made to vote against their convictions rather than risk an Election.—Yours, &c., D. M. STEVENSON.
Glasgow.

IS P.R. DEMOCRATIC?

SIR,—Every elector who "inclines towards the Left" will agree with the closing sentence of your article on Proportional Representation: "that the great need of our democratic politics is to fashion from the elements comprised within the Liberal and Labour Parties a satisfactory and coherent instrument of Government." At the last General Election those elements comprised eight million electors. But the lottery of our electoral system deprived them of any opportunity of fashioning a Government, for it gave a majority of 225 members to the other seven million electors.

The two-party system certainly asks whether the elector inclines towards the Right or towards the Left. The nation's answer in 1924 was that it inclined to the Left by eight votes to seven, but our electoral system gave it a Government which inclines strongly to the Right. In the General Election of 1886, fought on Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, the reply of the nation was that it inclined to the Left. On proportional voting Mr. Gladstone should have returned with a majority of eight, but our electoral system gave Lord Salisbury the majority of 116. While such results as these are possible, the question whether the nation inclines to the Left or to the Right appears to be purely academic.

You express a belief, or at least a hope, that we shall return "in one way or another to the essentials of the two-party system under the strong pressure which the single-member constituency exerts in that direction." It is difficult to find grounds for this belief, particularly as our three-party system has actually come into being "under the strong pressure which the single-member constituency exerts" against it.

You ask: Is the multiple party system as exemplified in France "really more democratic than the traditional British system, under which the complexion of the Government really did depend on the way the people cast their votes?" Your question appears to me to be misconceived; first, because France has not and never has had Proportional Representation, and secondly, I have cited two General Elections at which the majority of the electors was of one complexion and the Government returned was of another.

I am a Liberal, and I want the liberty to vote for a Liberal without the very grave risk of my vote being wasted. Further, I object to being put with other electors into the strait-waistcoat of the single-member constituency system in the hope that we shall all be forced into a choice between two parties with either of which we may not agree.—Yours, &c., ERNEST PARKE.
Kineton, Warwick,

"THE PORTENT OF 'BILL' THOMPSON"

SIR,—I have read with appreciation your illuminating article on Mayor Thompson, of Chicago. May I, however, venture to point out one thing which does not seem to have been emphasized here or elsewhere in the British Press. The reason why German, Irish, Italian and other opinion, but not British, is vocal in Chicago and elsewhere in the United States is precisely because men of English descent so completely amalgamate in the second generation with the American colonial stock. And it has been men of this stock who have especially taken the lead in the direction of American social life, and Mayor Thompson, however, although himself of English-speaking ancestry, leads and led during the war the recent immigrant and the non-Anglo-Saxon groups. One can call his movement, if one will, a democratic uprising against (in the mildest sense) a social aristocracy. He suffers politically from having been on the wrong side in the war, at a time when patriotic Americans

were putting a pressure more than moral on men of German descent to subscribe to the Liberty Loan. Mayor Thompson's whole significance, therefore, is that he represents, not America, but a collection of minority groups, taking the country as a whole. The political problem for him is straightforward: how to retain the support of the Germans, Irish Republicans, negroes, and other groups which will vote for him and yet demonstrate himself to be more patriotic than the patriots.—Yours, &c., GEORGE E. G. CATLIN.
6A, Nevern Place, S.W.5.

SIR,—Your article on "The Portent of 'Bill' Thompson" has drawn a singular letter from Mr. W. G. Brogan of Balliol. He admits that "there is a sense in which 'Big Bill' is a portent," but explains the appearance of this portent by saying, in effect, that Americans are highly suspicious of Europe, and specially of Great Britain, regarding "themselves and their public men as simpletons in international affairs." As an example of this extraordinary simplicity he states that "the average American, or at least large numbers of average Americans, believe that they and their rulers were trapped into entering the Great War." They were further persuaded "that the Germans were devils incarnate resisted by Galahads." In an earlier passage Mr. Brogan claims that "few Americans are fools." But I venture to say that if simplicity of such dimensions is not foolishness, no synonym for foolishness exists.

To suffering Europe it appears that America, like certain "hardfaced men," has "done very well out of the war," and if she now thinks that she would have done even better to keep out of it, she may repent indeed, but surely not resent.—Yours, &c., ARCHIBALD J. CAMPBELL.

HOUSE FULL AT THE ABBEY

THE proposal to build an extension to Westminster Abbey for the purpose of housing more memorials to the illustrious dead is so opposed to public feeling that it is unlikely that it will ever be carried out. Yet a number of grave and responsible people have put forward this proposal for discussion, perturbed by the fact that the Abbey will soon have not a single inch of accommodation to offer even to the remains of another Shakespeare.

To build for posterity is a dangerous ambition, and posterity may well be left to bury its own dead. The congestion in the Abbey is a problem which must be faced by each generation in its own fashion. Is this congestion altogether a bad thing? Does it not reproduce, in some way, those difficulties which attend election to an exclusive club? Vacancies of membership in such places only occur when death or resignation removes their seniors. Why should not something of the same principle be made to apply to burial in the Abbey?

It is some hundreds of years since Addison deplored the number of trivial people whose shrines have an unmerited place at Westminster. Goldsmith, later, had something to say on the subject. The Abbey, if it is to be regarded primarily as a mausoleum, still lies under the same impeachment. There are enough monuments to nonentities still encumbering its walls which, if decently removed, would give all the space which the three generations of the present day are likely to need. But let these removals be made not precipitately, but gradually—so that the atmosphere of exclusiveness be not for a moment lost. Imagine to what hurried judgments succeeding Deans might not be persuaded if they had a hundred vacancies suddenly placed at their disposal. Let us at least see that we do not present this temptation to them.

There are, of course, some people so narrow that they regard the Abbey primarily as a church and not as a mausoleum. There are others who think of it firstly as one of the noblest examples of Gothic in our inheritance. Show

these the statesmen's statues in the North Aisle and they are for bundling them head, foot, and pedestal into the Thames. A correspondent of the *Times* has made a more gentle and thoroughly practical suggestion. St. Stephen's Hall is the place for them. There at least is much room, and, if we remember rightly, not much light.

But we must take the opinion of statesmen on the subject. St. Stephen's is a very ancient and respectable building—but it is not Westminster Abbey. Would they not perhaps feel that they were being fobbed off with a junior Valhalla—and space being so ample might they not even fear the proximity of enmarbled mediocrities?

The problem is a very delicate one. The United Services may in their lifetime exchange occasional hospitality with the learned professions, but in their death they are not divided. They have been wisest of all in ear-marking St. Paul's Cathedral as a burial ground for their great leaders. Thoughts of the Abbey need not perturb the death-beds of Field-Marshal or Admirals. Their zenith is a snug tomb in the Crypt and a prancing statue on the Horse Guards Parade.

This seems to suggest a further avenue for clearance of the encumbered Abbey. Why should not such memorials to soldiers and sailors as are there be removed to St. Paul's, where they would be, some of them, in better company than they deserve?

By such means, rather than by the preposterous proposal to build an Annexe, can room be made as it is needed for the internment of famous men and women of our own time.

It would be a fascinating, but oh, much too delicate a speculation to surmise how many spaces we may need for those who are still among us. Mr. Bernard Shaw, with characteristic sense, says that he is not dead yet and therefore the matter is too premature to discuss. But if we put the qualification on the highest pinnacle of eminence need we perhaps be so perturbed at the lack of burial space in the Abbey? Perhaps only a few readjustments and removals may be necessary to see us comfortably through our lifetime. Posterity, as we have said, must really look after itself in the matter, but we do not want to earn their contempt, as earlier generations have earned ours by making access to an Abbey tomb too easy a business.

Perhaps the most satisfactory solution would be to establish in some empty building, such as the Royal Exchange or the Crystal Palace, a purgatorial Pantheon where the cycle which evolves from fame through oblivion to a considered estimate may make its passage. Those really worthy of an Abbey burial could then be accorded it in the manner of the delayed canonizations of the Roman Catholic Church. To those great men who may fear that the fashion of statues is decaying and that no more will be admitted to the Abbey, it may be some comfort to reflect that M. Tussaud is proceeding rapidly with the reconstruction of his famous exhibition.

J. B. S. B.

THE DIAL

OUT of the more than half-a-million persons who are recorded in the London telephone book, some six thousand now fend for themselves by means of the Dial. It is one more indication of the significant change in modern industry whereby vast organizations cater for our everyday needs. We have talked of the migration of industry, but the true migration lies in the change from heavy industries to light, from that which serves us corporately and in the mass to that which serves us intimately and personally. It has been said by an American economist

that there is more human work to-day on gramophone needles than on steel bridges and we may leave that as an illustration. The Dial may be said to be a symbol of this change and of its implications. It is not only that we are served intimately, but that in this newer conception of service we must help ourselves. The small motor-car, the vacuum-cleaner, the gramophone, the radio-set, all include the element of self-help, and the automatic telephone is the last word. It is an uncanny business. It is uncanny on the small scale, but on the grand scale of London it leaves one amazed. The technicians are busy at their not too congenial task of describing it in popular language. They tell us that they have fifteen years' work in hand before the change is completed, and that then there will be two millions of dialists; they tell us of the wonders of the inner heart of the organism.

And yet, such are the paradoxes of science, the Dial is not essential to the system. An expert, with a steady hand and a sense of rhythm, could call a subscriber by means of a simple lever like the morse key beloved of the expert Boy Scout, or he could do it by tapping the fork from which the receiver hangs. For all that is necessary is a sequence of makes-and-breaks. But though we are to fend for ourselves we may as well face the fact that even this simple rhythmic act is beyond our powers. We should make a mess of it. So the ingenious inventor, having a profound knowledge of human weakness, provides a Dial the only function of which is to make the sequence rhythmically and regularly. Thus the Dial, to go back to our first statement, is a symbol of modern industrial change with deeper implications than appears at first sight. It suggests that there are services hitherto performed for us by others which, henceforward, we must perform for ourselves, but that in order to bring this about the service must be made as simple as possible. The Dial makes the signals as it comes back to normal and not while it is under human authority, so to speak. We cannot but chuckle at the latest American advertisement of a refrigerator. "With this machine you do not need a servant; you can do it yourself." And there is a picture of the American mistress, clothed as for a party, doing it herself. The process of social life to-day is the process of the Dial.

It is a pleasing mental adventure to read Pepys' Diary with the use of a telephone in one's mind. There is hardly a day of his official life when the telephone would not have been very evident. Much troubled as he was by callers we can readily believe that with a telephone he would have been more troubled. For we have learned restraint in the use of the telephone. Forty years ago there were occasional articles in the Press describing the horrors of existence when everyone had a telephone and devoted themselves to ringing up everybody else. We have learned to use the telephone with much more consideration for our busy friends than the callers on Pepys were prepared to show. Such cases of abuse as call for protest are singularly few. Irritations there are and indeed there must be, for if we remember all the millions of connections, the fault, for example, which may arise from a misplaced bit of solder, we shall not be surprised. Some of our irritations will cease, for we cannot blame the machine for giving undue favours to a neighbour. In fact in the strange history of automatic telephony it was just the apprehension of undue favour to a rival which set the mind of the original inventor to work. But we ourselves are given the task of being more accurate and trustworthy than the telephone operators. In truth, our criticisms are now brought to an acid test. The Dial, with its singularly open face, will seem to wink at us with all its ten eyes whenever we get a wrong number. It is the Dial's day, so to speak.

J. L.

HIGHER COMMERCIALISM IN ART

THE great position of commercial painting in the modern world provokes the critic to constant speculation as to its cause and its relations to serious art. I once tried in an essay on Italian painting of the Seicento to show that the grand tradition of modern commercial or official painting could be traced back to certain Italian artists of the seventeenth century like Caravaggio. In that I dwelt mainly on the nature of the subjects treated by the artist, on how the typical subject-picture, the "picture of the year" came into being. But certain exhibitions which either are or have lately been on view have led me to think that what one may call the higher-class commercial picture comes into existence through the pressure of other forces, and their action on a different psychological type of painter.

The painters I have in view are genuine artists whose work becomes more or less commercialized because of the response evoked in the public by perfectly genuine but special gifts which they possess. What I call the lower commercial painter, the painter of the "picture of the year" need have no artistic gift at all. His success is due to his power to create images of a grossly sentimental or crudely dramatic nature. Whereas the higher commercial painter has a genuine sensibility to pictorial form, and appeals to a public which responds to this. The essential point about such artists is their craftsmanship. And, in that, the most important consideration is what artists call the handwriting, that is to say, the quality and tempo of the brush strokes with which they build up their forms. Of all pictorial qualities this is the one to which a public, sufficiently educated to consider the manner as well as the subject of a picture, is most sensitive, which he likes or dislikes most intensely, as the case may be. A number of different qualities may go to make a handwriting that is popular, but in the main rapidity and ease are the chief. The painter's imagery seems to produce a far greater impression on the spectator when the manner of its presentation has this rapidity and ease. It gives the spectator the impression that he himself possesses this power over the forms. He associates himself imaginatively with the painter and feels a similar release from effort. The result is that the artist is under a continual subtle and pervasive pressure to emphasize more and more this special gift. The handwriting which originally owed its effectiveness to the firmness with which the artist grasped his idea sets up on its own, as it were, and instead of being the obedient slave of the idea insists that the idea should be conceived in terms of its expression.

Francesco Guardi, who is to be seen as perhaps never before at the Colnaghi Galleries, is one of the most striking examples of an artist who thus became the slave of a genuine but subordinate gift. Even Canaletto, his master, had not always been able to resist the sapping influence of the rich tourist who came to Venice and demanded in default of picture postcards a view of the city which had enchanted him. But Canaletto was a great artist, and he had fortunately no astounding elegance of handwriting, so that when he tried to be commercial he merely became dull. Guardi, as we can see by such an early work as the Piazza, No. 5, had learned to do a Canaletto with just a touch more bravura in the handling than his master. In addition to that, his sensibility responded more than his master's to certain exquisite qualities in the Venetian atmosphere. He felt peculiarly the pearly bluish white lights reflected up from the water upon the shaded façades of white walls. He discovered a seductive harmony between these notes

and the elusive greenish blue of the sky, and he wrote all this down with a handwriting which, to use a simile, substituted a cursive script of incredible rapidity and elegance for the stately printed characters of Canaletto's page. And the result was something like artistic bankruptcy. His one sweet melody had to be repeated endlessly. What had once been the record of an experience and an elation became a performance. Every time he tried to perform a little better with a little more certainty of touch and a little more careless freedom, but he never dared to have fresh experiences or hardly ever. Now and again he would try a sort of set piece of romantic scene painting, No. 3, only to become ridiculous by reason of the feebleness of his invention. Now and then his sensibility would be so stirred by some scene which was not in his repertory that he would set to work on it. Such is the fascinating Ridotto, No. 23, where a number of masked figures in fashionable dresses disport themselves in a great gilded saloon lit by tapers, and then all the delicacy of his feeling, his sense of atmospheric quality, his delight in certain sweet harmonies of colour having to find a new and unfamiliar expression come delightfully into play. For, and that is just the pathos of it, this brilliant aspirant for the public's facile applause, was all the time a genuine artist but functioning only with a part, and a smaller part, of his natural aptitude.

The case of Gainsborough, who, thanks to Mr. P. M. Turner's devotion to the history of British art, was so admirably displayed for us at Ipswich, shows something of the same phenomenon. In all the early works before he left Ipswich he gives evidence of a quite extraordinarily delicate and fine sensibility. His response to vision has a peculiar, penetrating charm and that gentle tenderness of feeling which we associate with the "man of sentiment" of the eighteenth century. Without a trace of sentimental falsity or exaggeration he is delicately responsive to the subtler overtones of feeling, and all this is conveyed by a strict interpretation of the visible scene. One thinks in particular of one masterpiece, the Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, seated in the grounds of their Suffolk estate, in which all is completely original and profoundly felt. The aspect of such a country scene, the exact tone of the atmosphere, the quality of the light is observed with almost the acuteness of the landscapists of the nineteenth century, and yet the interpretation exhales a more reflective, gentler, tenderer mood than theirs. And the figures fit into it perfectly, the simplicity and unpretentious exactitude of the expression enchants and seduces. There is no attempt to be effective or masterly, all is dictated by the intensity and purity of the artist's experience. And yet from the very first the idea of the picture as a performance, that terrible conception which the old-fashioned drawing masters preached throughout the countryside, haunts Gainsborough's mind. From the very first he exercises himself assiduously in performances, now in the Dutch manner and later on, when he meets men of culture at Bath, in the classical manner of Claude, and his handwriting becomes ever freer, more elegant, and more empty of content. His pictures gain immensely in their immediate effectiveness, but the quantity and quality of the experience is not what it was. He never can go back to the intensity and the abandonment to reality of those early works. And so Gainsborough, as genuine, inborn an artist as England ever produced—and remaining always an artist—never gave us the full expression of what was in him. His genius was undermined by the attractiveness of his gift. Such an effect as I have described implies no baseness, no vanity, no avarice on the artist's part. One has only to look at Gainsborough's face to see the absurdity of such an idea. But the desire

to please may be, in its insidious influence, almost as destructive to the artist as crude and obvious defects of character.

ROGER FRY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC" (which is being produced at the Apollo Theatre in a masterly translation) contains the best imitation of poetry that has ever been conceived by a charlatan of genius. It is easy to see how it must have appeared the real thing on its first appearance, and even to-day, when we might think we were completely inoculated, it provides an exciting and stirring evening. The audience, in any case, received the play with a wild enthusiasm, which Mr. Robert Loraine certainly well deserved. It is perhaps only after leaving the theatre that one perceives what bastard balderdash the whole thing really is: that the situation is false, the sentiments are false, that the lush imagery is also false, and one is reminded of Wordsworth's marvellous analysis of Ossian, with which Cyrano has some spiritual affinity. The inherent nothingness of Rostand as a poet comes out best during the balcony scene, though, of course, the competition is in this case particularly stiff. But however severe may be one's moral judgment, it is impossible not to enjoy oneself at Cyrano. What infinite variety! What diabolical ingenuity! What subtle romantic suggestion! What thumping rhetoric! Quelle panache! Quelle pastiche!!

* * *

Critics have dismissed too lightly Andreieff's "He Who Gets Slapped," which is being produced at the Everyman Theatre. It is certainly not a great work of art, and its faults are very apparent to the present age. It is based on an attitude towards life which is no longer sympathetic to us, and the symbolism of the circus is by now a tiring convention. It is implicit with that particular form of romanticism which we call the "nineties," and which Ernest Dowson took over from Laforgue. But "He Who Gets Slapped" is a whole-hearted affair, and carries out its purpose without flinching. There is a beauty and sincerity about the treatment of the theme, which would have been more obvious had the production been of a happier nature. The Everyman stage is at any rate too small for realizing the theatrical possibilities of the play, and the acting, it must be unwillingly admitted, was singularly wooden and uninspired. Miss Casartelli, in particular, acted the part of the Circus Rider with a mincing gentility that was well-nigh intolerable. The evening was certainly a failure, but in all fairness Andreieff should only take a portion of the blame.

* * *

The principal item in the Film Society's programme last Sunday was a German film, made by the firm of Ufa, entitled "The Glass of Water." The story nominally concerns Queen Anne, but is only very vaguely historical. The Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Henry Bolingbroke are represented as leaders of the War and Peace parties, and the film deals with the difficulties of obtaining an audience with the Queen for the French Ambassador in order to ratify the Anglo-French alliance, and with the career of "Mr. Masham," with whom both the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough fall in love. The historical absurdities are at times annoying, but an amusing story of the Mozart opera type is good enough in itself if these can be overlooked, and the elegant eighteenth-century atmosphere is very well conveyed. The setting is South German baroque and extremely charming, and the photography is excellent throughout. The film, from the point of view of production, acting, and décor, shows a good taste and an artistic completeness which are extremely praiseworthy. "Manhatta," which preceded it, is a series of remarkable and unusual architectural photographs of New York, with titles from Walt Whitman. A German physical culture film, "Ways to Health and Beauty," was also to have been shown, but a hitch in the arrangements necessitated its postponement at the last moment, and a film called "Tech-

nique," also German, was shown instead. This explained the technical methods of some well-known German painters and sculptors.

* * *

As regards the quality of sound reproduced, the human voice is no doubt the most successful instrument for broadcasting, and last week we had many fine examples. Mr. Baldwin at the Guildhall on November 9th, the Prince of Wales at the Albert Hall, Lord Balfour and Sir Ian Hamilton at the Queen's Hall on Armistice Day, were all beautifully transmitted. The best transmission was probably that of Mr. Baldwin. The Funeral Oration of Pericles was finely spoken by Lord Balfour, whose clear, level diction well brought out the moving simplicity of the speech. The emotional effect of the Armistice Day concert was, however, greatly marred by the interruption giving the weather forecast and the News. The mood of elevated aloofness to which we had been transported was roughly broken by this jarring piece of irrelevance; a silent interval would have been far more appropriate.

* * *

We are again indebted to the proprietors of the Lefèvre Galleries for an exhibition of important works by a French painter of the nineteenth century, few of whose paintings have been seen in London before. To those who recently attended Mr. Roger Fry's fascinating lectures on Cézanne an exhibition of Daumier's work is doubly interesting, both in itself and as showing one of the strongest links between the early work of Cézanne and the romantic painters of whom Delacroix was chief; the relation between the young Cézanne and much of Daumier's work is very clearly traceable here in, for example, "Le Meunier, son Fils et l'Ane," "Les Buveurs," and "L'Artiste devant son Tableau." Daumier remained always preoccupied with the psychological and dramatic aspects of painting; at the same time he was a great designer and a good colourist, so that his work, though uneven, seldom becomes mere caricature. One of the most charming and at the same time least dramatic works here is a small picture "La Baignade." The "Wagon de Troisième Classe," the "Amateurs d'Estampes," and the "Don Quixote" are well known.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, November 19th.—

Isolde Menges, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Old Songs and Ballads, Æolian Hall, 3.
The Kendall String Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

Sunday, November 20th.—

Dr. Bernard Hollander on "Character and Character Training," South Place, 11.
Lady Parmoor on "Peace," Friends' House, 6.30.
"Creditors," at the Arts Theatre Club.

Monday, November 21st.—

"Much Ado About Nothing," Lyric, Hammersmith.
Guild of Singers and Players, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Sir Ernest Benn on "Capitalism," Individualist Bookshop, 5.

Tuesday, November 22nd.—

Mr. Leonard Woolf on "Economic Imperialism in Africa," Friends' House, 8.
Exhibition of Embroideries, by Mrs. Nell Drew, 10, Gloucester Place, Regent's Park (Nov. 22nd-24th).
"Maya," at the Gate Theatre Studio.

Wednesday, November 23rd.—

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw on "Democracy as a Delusion," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.
Mr. Martin S. Briggs on "The Architect," Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.
Mr. H. S. Ede on "The Pictures in the Tate Gallery," Central Library, Fulham, 8.
Elsie Playfair, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Thursday, November 24th.—

Hungarian String Quartet, Æolian Hall, 8.15.
Mathilde Nunes, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Friday, November 25th.—

Debate between Mr. J. Maxton and Sir Ernest Benn,
 "Can Socialism ensure a better Standard of Living for
 the Workers than Capitalism?" Palais de Danse,
 Brixton, 8.

OMICRON.

TRIUMPH SONG

THE manacles fallen, the spikes of the barrier crossed,
 The dragon defeated, speared open from jawbone to tail!
 And you that were captive, and penned in a dungeon, and
 lost,
 Ride westwards triumphant, your eyes on the light of the
 grail.

No prison has bars that the strength of man's mind may
 not burst;
 Though he grovel in darkness their might he shall stoutly
 assail.
 And the Weak shall be strong, and the maimed of the
 dungeons be first
 In the day when Man's Spirit uprises to balance the scale.

So you ride 'neath the shield of the Sun and the helm of
 the Moon;
 You speed through the walls of the wind and the fence of
 the rain.

And the cold of the moor to you now is beneficent boon
 Who are free as the curlew to conquer its wildness again.
 HERBERT E. PALMER.

THEATRES.—continued from opposite column.

SHAFTESBURY. Gerr. 6666. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
 "THE HIGH ROAD."
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MRS. BARTLETT AND SOME OTHERS

I AM inclined to think that the latest volume in "Notable British Trials" is almost the best that I have read in this series. It is "Trial of Adelaide Bartlett," edited by Sir John Hall (Hodge, 10s. 6d.). Criminologically it is a fascinating story which involves a still unsolved mystery. Mr. Thomas Bartlett, a very prosperous suburban grocer, died in the early morning of January 1st, 1886. A *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that he had been poisoned by a large dose of chloroform. There is no doubt that the chloroform which killed Mr. Bartlett had been purchased by the Rev. George Dyson and handed over by him to Mrs. Bartlett. It was either drunk by Mr. Bartlett or it was administered to him by his wife. Mrs. Bartlett and George Dyson were arraigned for murder. The Crown withdrew the charge against Dyson, and he was at once acquitted and discharged. Mrs. Bartlett was tried and found not guilty, though the jury in giving its verdict stated that "we think grave suspicion is attached to the prisoner." The difficulty in the case is to find any reasonable explanation of the means by which a large quantity of chloroform could have been transferred from a bottle into the stomach of Mr. Bartlett. Apparently it is agony to drink chloroform, as it scorches the mouth. It would therefore seem to have been impossible for Mrs. Bartlett to administer the chloroform to her husband unless he had been insensible. But all the expert evidence of the doctors went to show that to administer a fatal dose to an insensible man would be such a difficult operation that it is almost inconceivable that it should have been performed successfully by an amateur like Mrs. Bartlett. On the other hand, no one could possibly drink chloroform by mistake; the agony of drinking it makes the theory of suicide as difficult as that of murder; and there was apparently no reason why Mr. Bartlett should commit suicide. Most people will agree with the remark of the well-known surgeon, Sir James Paget, quoted in the introduction, that "once it was all over, Mrs. Bartlett should have told us, in the interests of science, how she did it."

* * *

Apart from the criminological interest, the story takes one into a strange psychological underworld that rivals the most fantastic invention of the art of fiction. The glimpse which this case gives us into the life of a prosperous Victorian grocer and into the strange vagaries of his mind and heart is really astonishing. Mr. Bartlett married Adelaide, his wife, in 1875, when she was twenty years old and he thirty. His first act was to send her to a boarding school for two years and then to a convent in Belgium for one year, in order to educate her. After that they apparently lived together quite happily. Everyone who knew Mr. Bartlett in his home at Herne Hill and later at Dulwich and Merton agreed that he had curious views, especially on the subject of marriage. He was a student of a work called "Esoteric Anthropology," which dealt with the subject of birth control and which called down upon itself and its readers the most terrific censure from Mr. Justice Wills. But poor Mr. Justice Wills had a great deal more than Esoteric Anthropology to amaze and horrify him before the case was done with, and, as he said when the Rev. George Dyson hesitated to answer a question: "No,

no; we have long outstepped the bounds of delicacy." The fact was that Mr. Bartlett made no secret of his views that a man ought to have two wives, one for companionship and the other for what he called "use." The strange thing is that there is no evidence in the case that he ever put this theory into practice; on the contrary, his practice implied the converse, namely, that the wife should have two husbands. For when he met the young clergyman, George Dyson, he practically took him into his family as a second husband to Mrs. Bartlett. The psychological relations between these three people are most remarkable, and were an important factor in the case. To attempt to unravel them would, however, require much more space than I have at my disposal. But from the psychological point of view alone, the evidence is well worth studying. I can only say that George Dyson's story seems to me to be almost certainly true, and I cannot see any justification for the judge's strictures upon his evidence.

* * *

For those who share my apparently reprehensible interest in "cases" and crime, I will add a word or two about some other "crime" books which I have read recently. I wish the authors of these books would not follow the prevailing fashion of dealing with ten or a dozen cases in a single volume. In "Judicial Dramas" (Fisher Unwin, 18s.), for instance, Mr. Horace Wyndham tells the story of twelve society *causes célèbres*, and in "Passion, Murder, and Mystery" (Hutchinson, 18s.), Mr. Bruce Graeme that of fourteen French criminal cases. Some of the cases discussed in these books are very interesting, particularly in Mr. Graeme's. But the bare bones of crime stories have a certain sameness about them, whereas the real interest consists in the details, particularly in the psychological details, and the relation of the evidence to the facts. The great merit of "Notable British Trials" series is that it gives you a verbatim report of the trial. The lazy reader may, perhaps, not require so much detail as that, though, if he made the effort, he would find the report of a case just as absorbing in a book as it is in a newspaper. But I am quite sure that Mr. Graeme's book would have been immensely improved if it had dealt with half a dozen instead of fourteen cases. The mystery of powder B, for instance, is a remarkably good story which would have gained enormously by being treated at greater length. This criticism does not apply so much to "Outlaws of Modern Days," by H. Ashton-Wolfe (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has had the knack of meeting and getting to know the stories of bandits and brigands in many lands, from the Armenian Dimiran Menaghikian, whom he saw in the prison of Grenoble, to the famous Romanetti, whom he visited in his Corsican mountains. In this book he tells the story of these men's lives. Its appeal is rather the romance of desperate, violent, and occasionally chivalrous deeds than that of mystery and psychology.

* * *

I may add that the serious student of criminology will find an enormous amount of information in "Criminology and Penology," the work of an American Professor, John Lewis Gillin (Cape, 25s.).

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

CONRAD'S LIFE AND LETTERS

Joseph Conrad: *Life and Letters*. By G. JEAN-AUBRY. Two vols. (Heinemann. £2 2s.)

THREE years ago the biographical improvisations of "Joseph Conrad" were palmed off by Mr. Ford's clever sleight-of-hand on the guileless reviewers, and now comes the real *Life*, a monument of verified facts, patiently investigated and pieced together by the scholarly skill and patient labour of M. Jean-Aubry. Conrad, fortunate in his friendships, is lucky in his biographer. I may say that no one but M. Jean-Aubry could have executed so admirably this laborious task, since it demanded not only much research, devotion, and assiduity, but also that wider Continental outlook in which English writers are naturally lacking. Conrad was a Continental, both in spirit and culture, and having made his home with Englishmen, in English ships, he repaid the country of his adoption by creating in her literature a mirror of the Sea, of the remote fringes of Empire, of the Heart of Darkness itself, one essentially Continental in vision and in craftsmanship.

M. Jean-Aubry reconstructs for us in detail the exact steps of Conrad's strange career, and where the documents and conversations with Conrad fail, with critical insight he has often found the key in passages in the works, passages of veiled autobiographical significance; for Conrad's books are full of autobiographical data, and luckily not a few of his letters supply missing links in his life story, 1857-1924, which may be divided into five sections. Of the first, Polish Years (1857-1874), his biographer supplements the elusive narrative given in "A Personal Record," with a valuable sketch of Conrad's relatives, the Korzeniowski and Bobrowski, especially of his father, the patriot, Apollon Korzeniowski, who died in 1869, "a desperately ill, mortally weary, vanquished man," and an account of Conrad's education. Possessed by his boyish resolution to lead an adventurous sea life and unshaken by the entreaties and pleadings of his relations, Conrad at sixteen took his departure for Marseilles with a letter of introduction to a compatriot. M. Jean-Aubry's investigations throw new light on the next five years of Conrad's life in Marseilles and on French ships, where he served as an apprentice, a period which ended with the Carlist gun-running adventure, the loss of the "Tremolino," and the Donna Rita love affair. Conrad's voyage on an English ship to the Black Sea, which landed him finally at Lowestoft at the age of twenty-one, practically penniless, was his introduction to the next four years of life as an English sailor. But from 1874-94 Conrad always had behind him his uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski, to turn to for practical aid, sympathy, and counsel, and his biographer makes skilful use of the latter's family documents and his letters to his nephew to create the distant Polish background. It took Conrad only two years to qualify as third mate and master spoken English, and the three years following comprised a second voyage to Australia and to the East, celebrated in that immortal story "Youth." Then follow three chapters of Conrad's Odyssey in deep-water ships, his voyages to the East Indies, Borneo, Malaya, his first command the "Ottago," Australia, the Mauritius, and his return to London in 1889. He had naturalized himself as a British subject in 1886, and while waiting in London for a second command he commenced "Almayer's Folly," which he worked at, off and on, for several years, taking the MS. to the Congo, where, through the influence of relatives in Brussels, he had obtained the promise of a command of a Congo steamboat.

M. Jean-Aubry, in piecing together the evidence of Conrad's Polish correspondence, of his Congo Diary, of the official records of the *Société du Haut-Congo*, and of "The Heart of Darkness," has proved that that masterpiece is substantially the record of Conrad's experiences, a personal record, I may add, which I had from his own lips in 1898. The Congo adventure, so disastrous to Conrad's health, was indeed the dividing line between his life as a seaman and his life as author, and his biographer sums it up tersely: "It may be said that Africa killed Conrad the sailor and strengthened Conrad the novelist." After a serious, long-protracted illness and a year of enforced

leisure Conrad undertook two voyages to Australia, as first mate in the "Torrens," but his active service ended in July, 1893. With the acceptance of "Almayer's Folly" in 1894, and its publication the next year, Conrad entered seriously on his literary career, and though he tried to get back to the sea several years later, the shipowners shook their heads. In Chapter IX., M. Jean-Aubry skilfully summarizes the chief events of the period, 1894-1905, and then follow the English letters themselves (1895-1924) (a series of about five hundred, chosen from two thousand), which carry on the story of Conrad's life till his death, August 3rd, 1924.

I once jokingly remarked to Conrad that his *Letters* would preserve his fame should his fiction fall into neglect, and indeed I believe that he will rank among the great English letter writers. His extraordinary expressiveness, vivacity, emotional force, and picturesque vividness of phrase, his intensity and play of mood, his acute insight and literary dexterity make his letters most brilliant examples of the art. Conrad's magnificent struggle for thirty years against constant illness, nervous exhaustion, money troubles, family misfortunes, his wife's crippled state, and all the incessant harassments of literary creation furnish a chronicle of the pains and penalties of the literary life unique in its force and volume. To this epistolary biography revealing Conrad's character and temperament, his mental elasticity and explosive force, his ironical courage and nervous vitality under the wearing strain of the necessity to produce book after book, year after year, while wrestling with atrocious health, little remains to be added by his intimate friends. Conrad owed many services to these good friends in the crises of his difficulties, but, as his *Letters* show, he amply repaid them by his loyalty and affectionate interest. The story is there, detailed fully in the *Letters*, though the reader must be cautioned that they overstress the darker aspects of Conrad's struggle by not speaking of the happy hours. When fate dropped a fresh bolt from the blue, Conrad naturally took up his pen to relieve his feelings to his correspondents, but his cheerful days were unchronicled. Though his brilliant wit, generous heart, and

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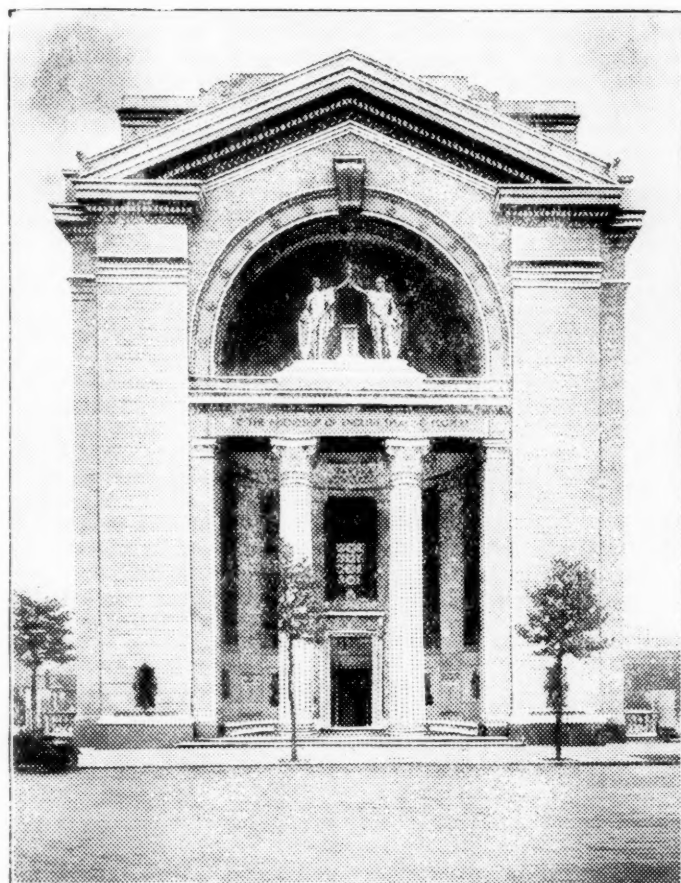
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intensity of his genius find full expression, the peculiar charm of his personality must be read between the lines. From the plan of the book and from no fault of the biographer, the effect of this great collection of Letters (480 pp.) is rather to cast in the shade the more brilliant examples; such as the letter to Cunninghame Graham of February 8th, 1899, that to myself of January 20th, 1900, that to Galsworthy of September 1st, 1904, and that to Ford Hueffer of May 9th, 1905. Beside the early, more personal letters, a good many of the later, dictated at length and filled with business matters, naturally do not appear to advantage. The flood-tide of success that reached Conrad so late in life brought with it also the heavy, superfluous burdens of popularity. As M. Jean-Aubry says, Conrad was quite indifferent to notoriety. In his last years he lived much in memories of the past, and in the intervals between his shattering fits of gout his one aim was to maintain his high literary standard. It is characteristic of our English indifference to the intellectual life that practically no attention was paid to Conrad's extraordinarily brilliant piece of political prophecy, "Autocracy and War," which appeared in 1905 in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. Conrad's predictions on the European situation, German aims, and the fate of Russia, were fulfilled to the letter. But here I must end, testifying again my admiration for M. Jean-Aubry's brilliant execution of a work that is documented at every point and is unailing in accuracy.

EDWARD GARNETT.

TIME AND MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Time and Western Man. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. (Chatto & Windus. 21s.)

MR. LEWIS is developing his attack with a rapidity and a density which must be not a little disconcerting to his enemies. And since his enemies are thick on the ground, ambushed in every hole and corner of our social and intellectual life, it is rather difficult for a detached spectator to see the drift of the conflict. There is Mr. Lewis, roaring like a bull and hitting out in all directions; but in which particular direction is Mr. Lewis himself going? It is not very evident, for although he finds himself surrounded by enemies, Mr. Lewis is singularly detached from his friends. He is, nevertheless, part of a definite movement, which might be described as the break-up of Humanism.

All philosophy since the Renaissance is one philosophy: that has been remarked by several acute observers—by T. E. Hulme and Worringer, by Bosanquet and Irving Babbitt, and now in much detail by Mr. Lewis. Hulme noted that this is very difficult to see when one is *inside* the philosophy. The seed sown at the Renaissance, abundantly watered by philosophers like Descartes, Rousseau, Kant, and Bergson, has grown to vast dimensions until now, like a huge pumpkin, it occupies the whole horizon: there is nothing but pumpkin to see in the wide expanse, and it requires a great effort of mind to realize that there was once a blue sky above us. So complete has the uniformity become, that, as Mr. Lewis shows us in one of the most brilliant of his chapters, the hitherto opposite attitudes labelled "realism" and "idealism" have become fused, and now find common ground in that heaven of Humanism, the space-time flux of modern evolutionary-cum-vitalist-cum-relativist philosophy.

Against the giant Flux (and that is the shortest and most expressive word to describe all the complex and confused varieties assumed by modern Humanism) there has emerged a small band of Davids, as yet badly organized, and not a little uncertain, among themselves, what they are to do when they have destroyed the giant. There is the movement in art known as cubism (not in any way to be confused with futurism, which is an almost opposite phenomenon, and part of the Flux); there is the movement in poetry associated with the name of Mr. Eliot; there is the revival in intellectual Catholicism known as Neo-Thomism; and there are a few independent philosophical critics like Julien Benda in France, Professor Babbitt in America, T. E. Hulme and again Mr. Eliot in England; and there is Mr. Lewis. My own opinion is that by far the most activating, stimulating, and fatal of these forces is that represented by the philo-

sophical critics. Hulme was unfortunately killed—the greatest single loss this country suffered in the war. The way in which the surviving units of these small forces are feeling their way, not only into the hostile elements around them—that is simple enough—but towards each other, is the most interesting development, for those who have eyes to see, at present in progress in the modern world.

Mr. Lewis in some measure stands apart from this little band of Davids. Is it a worthy independence? Only time can show. But we can at least observe that Mr. Lewis's attitude is distinctly partial. He is fond of expressing himself in terms of physical things, especially bodily organs, and says that all he represents can be traced to *the eye*. "It is in the service of the things of vision that my ideas are mobilized." That declaration should be borne in mind throughout the reading of this book. It should be remembered that Mr. Lewis is first and foremost a painter, a great and scandalously ignored painter. His criticism of the modern world is largely a painter's criticism of a world which has no place for his art: a tragic and legitimate criticism, but none the less a criticism of resentment. It is not philosophical criticism, which is criticism not from the point of view of one particular sense (eye, ear, touch or whatever), but criticism from the point of view of a balance and co-ordination of all the senses, which is *reason*.

That is the main complaint I have to make against the method of Mr. Lewis: it is partial and will not therefore command ready assent. A minor complaint is that he proceeds by the criticism of *effects*. Instead of attacking the scientific sources of modern flux-philosophies, Mr. Lewis contents himself with attacks on their philosophical consequences—which, considering the extravagancies of modern romantic metaphysicians, is as easy as slashing thistles. He attempts (page 12 of his Preface) to defend this method by a piece of unworthy casuistry; he says, in fact, that such is the method of his enemies. It is not, of course, possible for Mr. Lewis to know enough physics to confute Einstein (instead of a feeble metaphysical reflection of Einstein like Professor Alexander), but this inability on his part should inspire him with a certain humility. Humility, however, is impossible for an artist in the tragic desolation of the modern world; and Mr. Lewis remains an artist (a painter) in all his reactions. He speaks somewhere in this book of the "vice of mildness"—forgetting that mildness has been the characteristic of all great philosophers, that mildness, indeed, is philosophy.

So much for Mr. Lewis's method. What of his aim? Here I am a little uncertain, and with good reason. Mr. Lewis reserves for a future occasion the exposition of his positive philosophy, and the glimpses we get in the hurly-burly of his destructive criticism give no adequate indication. He is for the physical world—that is clear. But his physical world is a personal world, and so far as I can gather Mr. Lewis's values are personal values. He is not a classicist; he thinks far too much of his own individuality for that. He recognizes, very profoundly, that "only with a transcendent God is it possible to secure a true individualism." But he only wants God transcendent to get him out of the way. One reads very little in this book of dogma and of moral discipline. But these also are essential to the idea of God. Dogma, indeed, as Hulme remarked, is the central theme about which all this conflict has to rage, and until Mr. Lewis has faced this reality and all the problems it implies, he has but scratched the shell of the hibernating tortoise.

Mr. Lewis seems to have most regard for the Renaissance ideal. In the absence of any more positive indications we must assume that he would be happy in the court of a tyrant prince, a right-hand man surrounded by luxury and wealth, in a golden age where the gratification of the senses is the only necessity and where therefore the artist is exalted to the position of high-priest in the magic cult which art admittedly is, in Mr. Lewis's psychology. But this Renaissance ideal (which would, by the way, include such scanty lip service as Mr. Lewis pays to classical ideals) is an artificial state and involves a system of patronage which is the least stable of all relations, as history amply shows. The history of post-Renaissance art is the history of a *futile* art, an art divorced from religion and from corporate life, an art without function and compulsory place, an art for the

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dilettante, not a *necessary* art at all. Since the Renaissance we have been living on the art of the past, or on the very thin trickle of art which survived the Renaissance (the brief interludes of Baroque and Rococo). We have long since exhausted these subterfuges and counterfeits, and face a blank universe. This universe is dissolving, since a people without vision shall perish. The forces working for this dissolution and for a new synthesis are those mentioned at the beginning of this review. Mr. Lewis is certainly among them, though he seems to me to be a *blind* force, for all his devotion to the eye. But it would be foolish not to welcome him and seek his aid. He is a brilliant protagonist, by far the ablest pamphleteer of his generation, by far the most active force among us. In "Time and Western Man" he has done some heroic cleansing: he has simply swept away those silly types of romanticism which pass currently for revolutionary modernism in literature and art. That in itself is a great accomplishment, for these "revolutionary simpletons," though unimportant, confuse the issue. The analysis of "the philosophy of time" which forms the second part of this book may not be so thorough, but in so far as he has shown the political trend of so much of this philosophy, in so far as he has exposed the romantic or democratic ideology which determines even the airiest concepts of these time-philosophers, above all, in his exposure of the shoddy texture of Spengler's chronological fatalism—in all these fatal encounters, Mr. Lewis has engaged himself with an originality and a lusty vigour without parallel in contemporary criticism.

HERBERT READ.

FICTION

- Oberland.** By DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. (Duckworth. 6s.)
Dancing Mad. By W. H. DAVIES. (Cape. 6s.)
A Girl Adoring. By VIOLA MEYNELL. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)
The House in the Country. By BERNADETTE MURPHY. (Putnam. 6s.)
Welshman's Way. By CHARLES DAVIES. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)
Redeemed, and Other Sketches. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Day of Fortune. By NORMAN MATSON. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)
Flamingo. By MARY BORDEN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Benighted. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Here Comes an Old Sailor. By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPHERD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

"*OBERLAND*" is one of the best novels that Miss Richardson has written. The task she has set herself since the beginning—the imaginative externalization of her heroine's states of mind—is not only difficult but continuously difficult, making perpetual and ever new demands on the writer's imagination. The novelist who has a dramatic action to develop is lifted up and helped forward by the action itself, and every new problem, in becoming inevitable, becomes easier to attack. But in tracing the responses of her heroine to ordinary events Miss Richardson has to do without the aid of this impetus; and it is this, no doubt, that has made some of her previous novels, or rather some parts of them, appear laborious. There is no sign of labour in the present book, however; all the difficulties are overcome, not only without sign of fatigue, but with brilliance and grace. Just where the effect which the author is striving to capture seems to be too subtle or evanescent for prose, she succeeds most emphatically, and her style only becomes loose and vague when there seems no necessity why it should. The descriptions of the mountains, the evocation of Miriam's memories of Germany: these are perhaps the best things in the book; they have an immediate and fresh beauty, a power of revelation which intensifies and deepens our vision. This part of the book is a legitimate and high achievement; the more dramatic part, the scenes describing the characters, speculating upon them, analyzing them, are not nearly so good, and, indeed, rather commonplace. Vereker, Eaden, Guerini, Mrs. Harcourt; these are figures taken nearly at their face value; conventional types, pleasant enough, but not real, like the mountains and the remembered places in Germany. It is perhaps easier to set aside conventional modes of approach in seizing the spirit of mountains than in

seizing the spirit of human characters, who are subject to the same social inhibitions as ourselves. But to see nature as Miss Richardson sees it, to grasp the object and the mood in which it is seen, and to give them a single and living significance, is rare. The best passages in "*Oberland*" have more affinity with Wordsworth than with Jane Austen. In spite of its weakness in one respect, it is a triumph of this writer's conscientious and beautiful art.

In its simpler and more restricted style, "*Dancing Mad*" is also very good. Mr. Davies's mind is quite unlike Miss Richardson's. It is a mind in which difficulties do not arise; its strength is that, seeing things in black and white, and without complicating them by thought, it sees them very clearly. This is its strength; this is also its weakness. Mr. Davies's valuations are honest, but they are sometimes crude; and the culminating scene in the story, the scene in which the just and injured husband refuses to recognize his wife when she repents and returns to him, has not merely the permissible cruelty of an objectively told incident, but as well the rough and ready cruelty of a popular philosophy of life, a philosophy which has never seen the less obvious but more important aspects of the husband's action, and is strong in its blunt sense of right. But if Mr. Davies's limitations are shown emphatically here, his admirable virtues appear as plainly on almost every page. Economy, clarity, ease, natural power, truth: these are present in almost all the scenes; and in that describing the wanderings of Mildred after her last encounter with her husband they achieve one of those concentrations which are only to be found in the work of a man of true poetic imagination. This scene has a more profound power than anything, perhaps, that Mr. Davies has written hitherto; it is simple, moving, and inevitable. The conclusion of the story is unnecessarily unconvincing, the scene I have mentioned somewhat forced, but otherwise the story is almost perfect, and told with an exquisite natural art.

"*A Girl Adoring*" is another notable novel. Its main weakness is obvious enough, so obvious, indeed, that it is difficult to understand how a writer of such wit and judgment and such a careful craftsman allowed it to escape her. In the beginning, and again towards the middle, the movement of the story is indecisive; the author does not seem to know, then seems to know, then does not seem to know again, whether the action is to centre on Gilda or on Claire. Both are fascinating and subtly drawn characters, but when Claire wins the author's preference in the end there seems no particular reason for it. Apart from this, however, the novel maintains a delightful level of excellence. Morely, Laura's husband, is Miss Meynell's best character; the wit, the malice, the justice of the portrait are perfect. The only two characters which are imperfectly drawn are Hague and Laura; we recognize them, it is true, by outward signs, but we do not know them as we know Morely, Claire, and Gilda, the last a mere sketch, but a striking one. The story is extremely well written, and within the limits of its small canvas, maintains a sure sense of proportion.

"*The House in the Country*" is an unusually promising first novel. The atmosphere of childhood is vividly if even too conscientiously conveyed; Miss Murphy has imagination, and several of the scenes, particularly that describing the death of a favourite dog, are very moving. The main fault of the story is a lack of light and shade. There are too many scenes with the same atmosphere and expressing the same mood; too uniform an interest shown by the author in everything for its own sake, instead of for its significance. But Miss Murphy's talent is genuine, and her faults those which are generally to be expected in a first novel. Compared with most novels about childhood the book's truthfulness, its lack both of sentimentality and facetiousness, are remarkable.

"*Welshman's Way*," another first novel, has also fine qualities. The characterization and development are quite melodramatic and absurd; the description of visual things and of physical sensations, on the other hand, have great beauty and vigour. Mr. Davies's style is still uncertain, but it is the genuine utterance of a writer who, one feels, has something important to say which he has not said yet. His tumultuous rush of images and thoughts should, when disciplined, produce something powerful and original. At pre-



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sent there is no sign of self-criticism in his work; he is melodramatic and profound with equal conviction; but, at any rate, he is as authentically the one as the other. The story is of much more than ordinary promise.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham's latest volume of sketches has the fascinating and exasperating qualities of its predecessors. His style is as notable as ever both for its virtues and its defects; at its best it is graphic, realistic, exact, at its worst strangely careless and slipshod. The subject matter of those sketches is pretty much the same as that of the author's other stories; a Scottish scene here, a Spanish there, a story with a social moral somewhere else. Their lack of hackneyed literary effects, their harsh colour and hard line, put them, along with their author's other work, well above the fashionable and the second-rate; but they are too fragmentary and specialized to have full æsthetic interest.

"Day of Fortune" and "Flamingo" are both novels about America as a conception, rather than about characters. Of its kind the first is excellent. We are given a competent description of the autobiographical hero's life, and light is cast on various aspects of American civilization. The book belongs to a well-defined and large class, but is no better than the better examples of it. "Flamingo" is a vigorously romantic study of an English party's encounter with New York. There are quite good things in it, but Miss Borden's love for the picturesque soon makes the picture absurd.

"Benighted" is a well-conceived, cleverly developed, and effective shocker. "Here Comes an Old Soldier" is a romance of mediæval England, written in an overloaded style embellished by archaic words, but full of incident.

EDWIN MUIR.

"NOTHING FAILS LIKE SUCCESS"

Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter. By EMIL LUDWIG. (Putnam. 12s. 6d.)

THE Kaiser, it seems, still retains his capacity for being a nuisance in petty ways as well as in his old deity-maundering three-rounds-and-a-volley way. Twenty years (not ten as a publisher's slip has it in the Preface) after Bismarck's death, the Kaiser was still able to prevent the publication of Bismarck's account of his own dismissal in 1890. Emil Ludwig, who is a careful and conscientious historian, determined therefore to give the substance of Bismarck's case to the public in dramatic form. The result is the third play in a Trilogy. It is drama with a moral, and the main effect is gained from the intrinsic quality of external events. Herr Ludwig's interpretation of Bismarck, however, is both creative and convincing, while the final play would be moving even if the events were imaginary and not already charged with the emotions of Europe.

The first drama describes Bismarck's intervention which saved the Prussian monarchy in 1862, and destroyed the Liberal movement for German unity by the counter policy of blood and iron; the second deals with the folly of Grammont, the Empress Eugénie and her friends, the Ems telegram, and the final struggle to obtain a united Reich after Sedan; the third shows the Kaiser, jealous of Bismarck's unique ascendancy, his independence and authority, dismissing his Minister and reversing his policy towards Russia, thus making inevitable the "encirclement" of Germany. The suggestion is that the tragedy of 1914 might well have been avoided if Bismarck's policy had been maintained by his successors. This obvious moral is a somewhat shallow one. Armed and sovereign States will fall to blows some day, however capable their leaders. Moreover, there is a second moral, not emphasized by Herr Ludwig, which is always present in his play. The Kaiser was right in one thing—the necessity at the end of the last century of having the stream of public opinion in favour of governmental policy. The people, as one of Herr Ludwig's characters remarks, knew nothing of the policy they were cheering or deriding (they were given no opportunity of learning), but "they had to be attended to all the same." So the Kaiser set out to capture public opinion, and found the most agreeable way was to revive the method Bismarck himself had used nearly thirty years before—the method of military bombast. Bismarck knew well enough that the policy which led to Sedan

must cease with 1870 if Germany was to avoid the combination which ultimately overwhelmed her in 1918.

But when the Kaiser dismissed him he was helpless—he could only watch his work crumbling before his eyes. He had built upon nothing solid; his achievements rested solely upon the Kaiser and his own genius. Nothing fails like such success. Herr Ludwig wins sympathy for his hero by showing his concern for the ship, certain to capsize in the hands of an irresponsible pilot. But it was the old pilot's fault. He had made no friends who understood his work or its limitations; he had permitted no party to share in his power, and he had long worked against, not with, the goodwill of common people. He had relied on men's ignorance and exploited their idealism. There has never been a better illustration of the ultimate need for consent in a modern community, nor a more striking example of the failure of the most successful reliance upon force.

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HERR FEUCHTWANGER'S FIREWORKS

The Ugly Duchess. A Historical Romance. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated from the German by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.)

IN "The Ugly Duchess," as in "Jew Süss," Herr Lion Feuchtwanger has welded a psychological with an historical theme, without sacrificing either to the other. The fact that he has written a play, recently performed in Hamburg, on the same theme of a strong-minded woman whose schemes are brought to nothing by her physical repulsiveness, shows that he regards his characters as men and women first, and only afterwards as historical figures. For the woman in the play lives in a world which is more modern than 1927; whereas the Ugly Duchess was that Margarete who bequeathed Tyrol to the house of Habsburg.

For the most part, those romances which are "woven" round famous and well-documented people—Queen Elizabeth, Nelson, and Villon are favourite victims—are unwarrantable offences against both good taste and truth. But Herr Feuchtwanger is easily exonerated from the charge of abusing history, and only specialists in the period will hasten to the British Museum in search of anachronisms and misinterpretations. For Rudolf of Habsburg and Ludwig of Bavaria are not so famous as to be public property, and Herr Feuchtwanger is justified in building up their characters from the hints of chroniclers, and by his own imaginative understanding of the mediæval mind. And he must be judged by the success with which he makes these characters alive to us, against a background which is no mere archæological mosaic.

To a great extent, Herr Feuchtwanger has succeeded in his double endeavour. He has certainly made clear his several historical theses—the emergence of the House of Habsburg to domination over the disintegrating Holy Roman Empire; the victory of statesmen and merchants over warriors; and the fall of chivalry in the person of the blind King of Bohemia. Whilst his psychological argument—that a woman, however able and masterful, can ultimately rule only with the help of woman's weapons—is brilliantly demonstrated. Margarete works wonders for her country, and devotes her energy to making Tyrol for the Tyroleans; yet all credit and gratitude goes to her lovely, unscrupulous rival, who gets the better of her even in death.

But somehow, though the various parts are brilliant, the whole book is not so enthralling or compelling as "Jew Süss"; for the narrative and ideas never march forward of their innate vitality, and we sometimes feel as if Herr Feuchtwanger (and we with him) were pushing them on through a morass of words. Over and over again, a noun is qualified by three adjectives—none of them superfluous, it is true, since each one adds a valuable shade of meaning—but each tending to deaden us to the significance of the others. In "Jew Süss" we recognized this profusion as the bigness and fertility of genius, which can often best express itself pyrotechnically, in a series of efflorescent explosions. But as the ideas behind "The Ugly Duchess" are not of this inspired sort, and the characters never profoundly move us, we cannot this time soar so thrillingly in the blaze of Herr Feuchtwanger's rockets.

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ALTHOUGH we in this country are lacking in some of the most elementary necessities of musical existence, we are better provided in some other respects than any country in the world. We have no permanent opera, but we have that unique institution, the Promenade Concerts, and though it is true that our original contribution to musical scholarship and research is practically nil, we nevertheless possess, in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, a work of reference embracing every aspect of musical activity which has no parallel in any other language.

The third edition of this indispensable work differs in several respects from its two predecessors, which revealed the characteristic virtues and defects of most English compilations of this kind. Everyone, for example, who has frequently to consult works of reference must have observed that there is nothing to compare with the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA* if he desires a well written and exhaustive general survey of any subject, but that if he wishes merely to ascertain some definite fact or date a German work such as Meyer's *Konversations-Lexikon* is very much more accurate and serviceable in every respect. The same is true of the earlier editions of Grove, which possessed excellent articles on general aspects of music such as Form, Harmony, Orchestration, and so forth, written from a scholarly if somewhat antiquated standpoint, but could not be compared with Riemann's *Musik-Lexikon*, for example, if one desired particularized information embodying the most recent discoveries in musical research. This defect has been to a great extent remedied in the present edition; the long general articles have been for the most part drastically revised and rewritten in accordance with modern developments, and facts and dates have been marshalled in a manner much more convenient for the purposes of reference.

Among the longer articles, however, that on Counterpoint is somewhat inadequate as it stands, but as there is a cross-reference to Polyphony, it may be that its deficiencies will eventually be made good in a subsequent volume. The new article on Chromaticism is also distinctly perfunctory and superficial; the whole early history of the subject, one of the most vital and important in all music, is entirely neglected. Among omissions one notes with surprise that of Girolamo Cavazzoni, whose "*Intavolature per organo*" constitute one of the most important contributions to the early literature of the organ; that of Antonio Caldara is even more astonishing, seeing that he is mentioned in the earlier editions, and that in the meanwhile a selection of his sacred music has been published in the "*Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Österreich*," which shows him to have been, beyond a doubt, one of the very greatest of Bach's contemporaries. Again, the "*Cancionero musical de los siglos XV. y XVI.*"—one of the most important collections of old Spanish music—deserves a fuller treatment than a mere brief mention of its existence under the name of its editor Barbieri. One notes also a certain lack of proportion in the treatment of various subjects. Alexander Agricola, for instance, one of the greatest composers of his time, *i.e.*, about 1500, receives only half a column (in Riemann's *Musik-Lexikon*, a very much smaller compilation in only one volume, he is given three times as much space), whereas two and a half columns are devoted to the activities of Sir Hugh Allen and three to those of Mr. Rutland Boughton.

These remarks are not made in any captious spirit, but solely with the desire of drawing editorial attention to a few minor blemishes in an otherwise praiseworthy achievement, in the hope that they may be rectified in future editions. No one could reasonably expect such a gigantic undertaking as this to be entirely free from faults both of omission and of commission, and there are actually surprisingly few of them, so far as one can judge. A welcome feature of this new edition consists in the many excellent illustrations. Of the three coloured plates in this volume, however, only that of a portrait of John Bull is successful; that of Bach is poor, and that of Beethoven frankly atrocious.

DELHI

TO the traveller, as he stood at the broad front of Delhi's main railway station, came a bearded and turbaned taxi-driver, bearing, on extended hand, the stranger's gloves, lost two days earlier. Deprecatingly, gently, the man declined the proffered reward and withdrew. A small thing, but of comfortable import. That, in some sort, is the way of India.

Living, during Delhi's annual Polo Week, within the station, on board a luxurious tourist railway-coach; waited on by our Indian butler, silent of foot and deft of hand; served morning, noon, and night, by an uncommonly good Madrasi cook; sleeping soundly, a well-appointed bathroom adjoining our bedrooms, we, with liberty to attach our "flat on wheels" to a passing train whenever we cared to move on, desired no better way of seeing India.

Six days at Delhi involves no waste of time. Bordering the fourteen miles of road which run from the Ridge through Raisina—the wonderful new Delhi which each day brings nearer completion—to the five-tiered shaft of the Kutb Minar, stand, in various states of decay or conservation, the Delhis of the last two thousand years, seven cities, memorials of bygone rulers of India, who expressed their sorrows, their joys, their victories, and sometimes their defeats, in terms of architecture. A battlefield drenched with blood, its riches an everlasting temptation to invaders from the North, Delhi typifies India's history.

To-day its streets present an ever-moving medley of race and colour, amid which the stalwart Indian from the North predominates. Through these crowded, narrow ways pass bullocks and buffalo-carts, mules, tall and narrow camel-carts, elephants, riding camels, motor-cars and petrol-driven omnibuses. Chandni Chowk, the broad street of the silversmiths, where shops of all shapes and sizes jostle with temples, little palaces—one, of tragic memory; palatial banks and European stores, is vibrant with busy humanity at almost any hour of the day, a setting in which the sacred cow, lying undisturbed midway on the pavement, seems never so incongruous nor so typical of Hindustan.

Gothic architecture has been called petrified music. But not only Gothic. The Lahore Gate of Delhi's fort and its background of spires are nothing less than a minaretted melody. Within the Fort's mighty walls is the marble palace of Shah Jahan, perhaps the most delightful example of architecture and inlaid ornament within the wide borders of India. One paces, almost reverently, the delicate purity of its halls—the Diwan i Khas, the Hall of Private Audience, the private apartments—to stand presently, spell-bound, before the Pearl Mosque (Shah Jahan's "*Moti Masjid*"). Beyond are the palace gardens, where, in other times, still, ornamental waters mirrored the ten thousand lights of the gardens' marble pavilions and the stars of an Indian night.

The Great Mosque at Delhi, the largest in India, is Shah Jahan's. To regard, at the sunset hour of prayer, the host of worshippers prostrated within its vast court is to feel the pulsing religious emotion of Islam.

One turns, then, to the Ridge, with its memories of heroic defence against the fearful odds of '57; back, through the Kashmir Gate, pitted by the Mutiny guns, up the broad short street of the English shops to St. James's Church, where the bullet-riddled ball and cross which formerly crowned the dome stand breast-high on the churchyard's sward, as one of Delhi's reminders of England's brave hold on her trust for India.

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Questionable Antics. By the HON. MRS. DOWDALL. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

THE twenty-six newspaper articles collected in this volume can only be classified as "perfect nonsense." Not that it is absolutely perfect, for even upon page one the reader will find himself confronted with such phrases as "I wish I knew any people who write film scenarios," and "Cinemas often begin their programmes by some reel," yet if Mrs. Dowdall cannot always be said to carry herself with an air, still indubitably she does carry herself—and her reader with her too. Comic writers, even of her modest accomplishment, are not numerous to-day; she is not subtle and seldom witty, but she can be very genuinely funny. The stuff of her humour is common enough, and her method varies but little. She takes such domestic types, habits, and events as everyone has encountered—house-agents, wedding-guests, people who "look on the bright side" or wreck the home in striving "not to give trouble," gardening, spring cleaning, photographing the baby, being tactful, Christmas, influenza—and puts them, as she says, "to better uses." In other words, to making nonsense of them all! She caricatures, outrageously sometimes, but never beyond the point where recognition is instantaneous; she reveals an unusual vitality in her invention, and though her treatment—which, for all its deftness, remains crude—can fall flat at times, it forces much more frequently a tribute of spontaneous laughter. Essentially it demands space, which makes quotation difficult, but one recalls, realizing that out of their context they may not seem funny at all, her vision (as her dressmaker struggled with a striped material) of "a zebra trying to pull its skin straight under the arms with its teeth," and the grocer who—after an afternoon of "you don't want too deep a yellow, do you?" and "you don't want too startling a pattern for a small room"—did not say: "Tapioca, ma'am? You wouldn't care for some Grape Nuts? You don't want anything too sticky. . . ."

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ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

IN "The Story of the Roads" (Routledge, 7s. 6d.), Mr. C. H. Hartmann has a very interesting subject. He deals with primitive roads, Roman roads, and the history of post-Roman roads down to our own time. The book has some charming illustrations.

The following are biographies or autobiographies: "Genius and Character," by Emil Ludwig (Cape, 12s. 6d.), which contains studies of Stein, Bismarck, Shakespeare, Voltaire, and others; "Joan of Arc," by Joseph Delteil (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), which was awarded the Prix Femina-Vie Hereuse; "My Motley Life," by Keble Howard (Fisher Unwin, 18s.); "My Life as an Explorer," by Roald Amundsen (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.); "McClure of Mill Hill," by his Daughter (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.); "The Life of Rachel McMillan," by Margaret McMillan (Dent, 6s.); "Sir James Reckitt, a Memoir," by Major Desmond Chapman-Huston (Faber & Gwyer, 21s.); "The Private Life of Charles the Second," by Arthur Irwin Dasset (Cassell, 18s.); "Old Ireland," by Serjeant A. M. Sullivan (Thornton Butterworth, 21s.).

A new volume in the "Library of Contemporary Thought" is "Contemporary Thought of Great Britain," by Alban G. Widgery (Williams & Norgate, 5s.).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Letters to Young Winter Sportsmen. By BRIAN LUNN. (Grant Allan. 6s.)

Winter Sports Simplified. By H. C. STOKES. (Thornton Butterworth. 5s.)

Both these books are useful primers of their subject and being addressed to the same audience naturally cover much the same ground. But even experienced winter sportsmen will find entertainment and possibly instruction in them. They both contain chapters on the selection of a resort, the choosing of kit, and both give elementary advice on skiing, skating, curling. If a choice had to be made between them by those who need guidance on Switzerland and winter sports, it would be difficult to indicate it usefully, for they are as like as two peas. Mr. Stokes's book contains more information on the cost of such holidays—though one cannot forbear the suspicion that he is unduly optimistic in the matter. Mr. Lunn's book is more informally written, but is essentially practical in its advice. It is six of one to half a dozen of the other, and both half-dozen good.

Byways Among English Books. By CYRIL DAVENPORT. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

There are innumerable such byways, and not a great many even of bookish people are aware of them. Mr. Davenport, with his quiet library-talk and copious facsimiles, as well as select bibliographies, has provided a means of discovering some of them, and of alluring fresh enthusiasts to the gentle art of the bookstall. His business is, of course, with the bindings, illustrations, and other external distinctions of books rather than with unperceived or neglected literary values. In an appendix, he makes the reader a present of valuable catalogues of works containing the pictures of Baxter, H. K. Browne, G. Cruikshank, R. Doyle, Leech, and Tenniel: a satisfactory conclusion to a pleasant handbook.

Caviare to Candy. By MRS. PHILIP MARTINEAU. (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.)

Mrs. Martineau is already known for her garden and travel books. Here she enters the field of cookery. Her book has as its sub-title "Recipes for small households from all parts of the world," and the sub-title, for once, seems to be justified, for an immense number of countries have contributed the tale of their dishes. Also many famous men have contributed, M. Charles of Claridge's, the King of Roumania's chef, and even H.R.H. the late Prince Christian, whose name is appended to "Cauliflower and Hollandaise Sauce." Many of the recipes are valuable, but some of them seem rather pointless. For instance, one hardly needs to go as far as Chile for "Feathered Onions."—Cut a large onion in half and then in quarters and then in long strips. Fry in lard. They should not be crisp but rather soft."

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TRAVEL SECTION

WINTER SPORTS

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY.

THE Alpine world of winter sports is a composition in contrasts—contrasts thermal, social, environmental, scenic. . . . Not only is the sunshine hot and the shadow cold, the mountains large, humanity little, the surroundings simple, and the life elaborate, but the initial shock of the escape for most people, from fairly leisurely work to remarkably strenuous play provides a fitting frame within which innumerable subtler oppositions can be noticed. Even the motives which draw the visitors back to the snows year after year are often diametrically opposed. To some the mountains themselves are the permanent lure, to some it is the other people who are the attraction. Even among those drawn back by the mountains there are a variety of attachments. Some like to look at them, some to travel over them, and some primarily like to go up them, the mountaineers these, or at least to go over passes which will lead them at their journey's end into new country. Others, far more numerous, much prefer descent and regard ascent merely as a price to be paid for the glories of the swoop down. Athletes and aesthetes jostle one another on the hotel verandahs, and devotees of sport anxious to escape from personal problems and family affairs in the thrills of merely physical adventure compete for places with those who may reasonably be suspected of matrimonial intentions.

Meanwhile the mountains themselves preserve without difficulty their celebrated aloofness. At evening, when the throng has disappeared there is very little to show that the Alpine winter solitudes are not exactly as they have been for uncounted centuries. Only the tracks of ski, pathetic vestiges of a very transitory intrusion, remain to show that man has found a new strange use for these barren places. And in the deeper recesses there are still very few of these scratches. The slightest of midnight breezes will heal them.

Nearer the tiny cube of an hotel to which all those threadlike trails converge, the fair white skin of the snow has been horribly scarred and tormented. Here are "the Nursery Slopes," innocent mild declivities, where the great new art of standing up on ski is mastered with as little pain as may be. Every morning there the winter population can be seen at its evolutions. There is the expert, practising his scales as it were, swooping down from aloft with swallow flights, spraying up at every turn and twist a glittering smoke of snow dust and leaving behind him that stamp of the first-rate runner, a single clear-cut track. He sweeps on through the populous lower slopes, skilfully avoiding the coach with recruits busy at what appears to be an aggravated form of the goose-step—the "kick-turn"; a young woman oblivious of everything but snow down her neck; some waving legs belonging to something; several human entanglements, and even some more promising beginners who have set out inadvertently they know not whither. Choosing what looks like a quiet pair of ski and a knowledgeable friend who can strap you on to them, you carry them off to these slopes. The moment for action arrives. You sidle, crab-fashion, up the lowest, mildest undulation, prop yourself up on your sticks, gingerly point your ski down hill. Then follows a fight—with which you seem to have strangely little to do—between sticks and ski. Shortly afterwards the commonplace reflection that humour depends on point of view is bound to occur to you. You develop a new sympathy for the beetle on its back—those forcibly feeble legs! By lunch time some benevolent coach may have promised you a short cut through these unexpected preliminaries.

In the afternoon you may stroll out rather stiffly perhaps, but glad to have command of your feet again—and how light they feel—to watch the skating. The band sends out its pulsations into the bright padded wilderness, while waltzing couples circle the vast rink. In a pause

the International Figure Skater poises and glides. Or Ice Hockey, the swiftest of games, may be on. Alternatively, you can watch human projectiles whizzing down the ice-run and speculate upon the slow steps by which ordinary mortals become such ecstatic devotees of gravitation. More probably you will join a party in the jollier, less inhuman sport of bob-sleighing, though with a good captain and a stout-hearted team some of the twists of the sweeping road can give anyone a thrill of sensation.

But this catholicity of interest will, if you are not careful, turn you into a mere dilettante. Consider first the curlers, gravest of specialists. No other of the Alpine delights has ever much chance of beguiling the ardent curler from his chosen joy. Unless perhaps he condescends to make up a tailing-party one evening. Through the silent forest winds a string of luges drawn by a jingling horse. The stars flame out between the dark pointing cones of the pine trees. Now and then a faint far-off crack as of a rifle may be heard in a lull of the talk; some tree-trunk up where the blown snow clings in great swathes to the branches has yielded to the tension of the frost. The paper lanterns swing as the luges turn on to the open homeward road. The inky gulf of the valley below sends up a breath of eternity, and the starfield opposite is notched with a black silhouette that might be an opening into nowhere instead of the sister chain of Alps. But there ahead is the bright humming box of the hotel—dancing in full swing, bridge, billiards, bar. . . . fancy dress, intrigues, rags, conspiracies, the House Party rampant, with all its pleasures and distresses.

Sandwiches and whisky at least, and a thermos flask of coffee; cameras, gloves, mufflers, and sweaters; a cake of wax to speed up the ski; these and the rest go in the rucksack. The late winter morning sun is scorching already as you fall in behind the trouser-clad legs of the girl ahead and set out up the snow-smothered path that zigzags through the pine woods and leads out at last on to the smooth open waves of the upland meadows. The sense that man has no right in this untarnished, unsoiled, untouched, pre-human universe of elemental substance is as salt to his physical pleasure in movement. Miles of mountain circle about the infinitesimal caravan, dwarfing it past previous experience as it winds among hillocks that are no more than local ripples in the trough of the great mountain breakers. So might a string of adventurous mites set out to thread the labyrinth of a crumpled counterpane.

But the snow slips by under foot, glide succeeds to shuffle and shuffle to glide, the nearer contours of the slopes shift and merge till only a faint ski-cut line, that shows to a backward glance intermittently slanting round a shoulder or hollow, tells where the party have passed. And even the aloof peaks that so disconcertingly seem at times to be peeping like curious giants at one over the bulge of a nearer skyline have shifted their stance. The low pass at the head of the valley that is the goal of the upward journey comes suddenly nearer as a long circuit closes its loop. There poking out of the snow at the lip of the pass is a cluster of hot red rocks positively beckoning to one with its promise of seats, sandwiches, and refreshment.

On the pass a faint yet piercing draft of air brings sweaters into wear. Over them goes a light wind-proof gaberdine coat of the type that has completely driven rough tweeds out of the mountains. If anyone has on leaky boots of unseasoned leather, now is the moment when he will feel it. The most heavenly prospect says little to the man whose soul is for these reasons in his boots.

Remains the descent, those moments for which some of the party will probably have been living, moments which by the beginner are hardly to be envisaged without some trepidation. But as the speed increases a change comes over the outlook. The humiliating sense of littleness that the winter mountains do so much encourage passes away.

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With every successful turn confidence that is not merely physical replaces it. Man becomes a rather important being after all, and the mountains not merely a hostile and mocking presence, but an element over which he can gain command. "The eye altering alters all," as Blake said. It is no small part of the modern mountaineers' discovery that the same reflection can equally be applied to the legs.

WINTER TRAVEL IN SUNSHINE

THE NEAR AND FAR EAST: LONG AND SHORT CRUISES.

AT this period of the year the travel agencies deck their windows with gay posters and brightly coloured leaflets which are more tantalizing even than those which they display in the summer. Who would not, if they could, especially after this inclement year, cheat more sunshine from the calendar and spend a month or so in North Africa, or sail to the Spanish Main, to India or Ceylon, or even content themselves with a brief voyage to Madeira or the Canaries?

Lately there has floated into the newspaper offices such a mass of seductive pamphlets as would tempt even the most honest journalist to burglary or arson to fulfil some of their programmes. One can, however, gain a vicarious enjoyment in reading them and wish to those who can afford the time and money the more practical employment of studying by which route they may escape our English winter.

INDIA AND BACK IN SIX WEEKS.

Expense is so relative a matter that it may be wrong to stress it unduly. Here, for instance, is the P. & O. advertising a specially reduced rate of 100 guineas return trip to India or Ceylon. The journey by sea takes eight weeks, allowing a fortnight in either country—but by paying £15 extra and travelling overland to Marseilles, two weeks are saved which may also be spent ashore. The journey may be varied by taking rail from Bombay to Calcutta and thence to Colombo, the trip still being accomplished in eight weeks. Though the adventure (via Marseilles) need only take six weeks, still allowing two weeks ashore, it can, during the currency of cheap fares, be extended to twelve. A hundred guineas to India or Ceylon and back—when it includes all the amenities of a P. & O. liner—seems, in every way, a handsome offer.

CHRISTMAS IN RIO.

A great many people beside Mr. Kipling have wanted to go to Rio before they die, and if they care to take ship by the Blue Star Line on December 7th they may be there by December 22nd. A thirty-five days' tour to Brazil and back with five days' hotel accommodation in Rio de Janeiro costs £135, or for a forty-nine days' tour with nineteen days' hotel accommodation, £142. The trip may be extended to Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. The Blue Star Line publish most attractive booklets of these tours showing the beauties of the South American coast and indicating by photographs of their ships that those who travel in them will live like pampered princelings during their month at sea. December 7th was mentioned as a date of departure, as being the earliest that was likely to be convenient, but sailings are, of course, frequent.

A SHORT CRUISE TO MADEIRA.

The Yeoward Line cruises of two or three weeks to Lisbon, Madeira, and the Canary Islands are a bait set for those who cannot afford a long vacation at this time of year, or whose holidays are confined to the term allowed their children from school. Here we no longer estimate in hundreds of pounds, for (according to the position of the berth) prices for a fortnight's tour vary from 21 guineas to 30 guineas. For the longer cruises of three weeks the fares are from 30 to 40 guineas. Ten guineas a week "all in" cannot be regarded as extravagant for such a holiday. By the shorter route the boats make straight from Liverpool to Madeira, call at Santa Cruz and Las Palmas, and then sail direct back to England. On the three weeks' cruise calls are made at Lisbon, Madeira, Las Palmas,

Santa Cruz, and Orotava. Approximately one day is allowed in each port. No passports are required. This, by the way, is not useful information. Every experienced traveller knows that a passport, even in those countries where they are not insisted upon, may be a most valuable document, especially in financial transactions or in dealings with Postes Restantes. It is always a wise thing to travel with one. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about "the passport nuisance." They are an ever present help in any trouble.

MOTORING THROUGH THE DESERT.

A tour through North Africa by motor-car is, it seems, no longer an enterprise for an intrepid explorer, but has been systematized, regularized, and made altogether a most comfortable affair by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. The Company undertake the entire arrangement of these tours, and have a chain of first-class hotels under their management at which they make reservations for travellers. Many of these hotels are in the most remote spots, and some converted from ancient Moorish palaces. One can travel into the fastnesses of ancient civilizations and be certain of clean linen, hot and cold water, and French cooking. Unfortunately, there is not space here to mention the details of these tours, which are numerous and touch some of the most beautiful country in North Africa. The cars, of which there are many varieties, have been specially designed to overcome the difficulties of the country—one type being adapted to travel over the trackless desert. Fares vary according to the length of the tour and the type of car used—and an advantage may be gained by making up a small party. Facilities are also arranged for owners using their own cars. In this case there can be no point in tabulating long lists of fares. For the distance covered and the comprehensive nature of the advantages they offer they are reasonable and are mostly quoted in French francs.

THREE WEEKS IN EGYPT.

"The best time to go to Egypt is before Christmas. The season is from November to March, with April often a pleasant month. The first Anglo-American Nile tourist steamer leaves Cairo on December 17th." Thus says the American Express Company, who will organize your trips to Cairo, the Pyramids, to Luxor, the Temple of Karnak, the tombs of the Kings, and your voyages up and down the Nile. As one of two persons travelling together you may for 100 guineas spend three weeks touring Egypt (including, of course, food and lodging in good hotels, &c.), visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Nile Valley, and Luxor. If you choose to travel in solitude you apparently pay a little more for your selfishness. The American Express, who shepherd you everywhere and relieve you of every responsibility, have an exhaustive list of tours through Egypt, the Sudan, and Palestine.

ROUND HALF THE WORLD.

But all that has preceded must seem minor adventure compared to a cruise round half the world occupying 110 days. On January 7th the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of France" makes the trip from Southampton to the West Indies, South America, South and East Africa, Egypt, and the Mediterranean. The liner is timed to arrive back in English waters on April 25th. There are fifty-nine days spent afloat, and fifty-one days spent ashore with carefully arranged sight-seeing and hotel accommodation included in the advertised fare of from 3 guineas a day. It is, of course, possible to invest in superior accommodation up to very large sums, but these C.P.R. ships are so excellently arranged that the most modest accommodation is satisfactory.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

A word may be added about the leaflets from which this article has been compiled. They are mostly free from bombastic phrases, and all contain a great deal of sound and valuable information, both about the countries which the tours cover and details of times and fares. If they have entertained a reader who is unlikely to be able to put their attractive proposals to the test, they should certainly be of double interest to those contemplating a winter holiday abroad.



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A NEW ATLAS

The Handy Royal Atlas of Modern Geography. With an Introduction by T. ALFORD SMITH. (W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd. £2 10s.)

So few people have seen a new atlas—or know how a re-arranged Europe is mapped, that this new edition of a well-established publication is bound to achieve popularity. Dr. Keith Johnston was one of the leading geographers and cartographers of his day, and the first edition of this atlas was published in 1868. This edition contains many new features. Into it are introduced a number of maps coloured to show physical features. All maps have been revised—but to the ordinary student, who is not sufficiently a geographer to appreciate all its excellent attributes, this atlas will be principally valuable for its tracings of political changes. It is interesting to follow the lines of the new frontiers between Egypt and Libya, between Italian Somaliland and Kenya, in Soviet territory, and between the new States of Australia and Northern Ireland and the Free State. The maps are admirably clear and printed on paper tough enough to stand constant use. It is fully indexed, and is indeed a most notable work of reference.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

BRUNSWICK RECORDS

THE Brunswick have produced a particularly fine record of the Overture to the "Meistersinger," played by the State Opera Orchestra, Berlin, under von Schillings (80020. 6s. 6d.). The clarity and tone are remarkable, and the playing excellent.

There are some excellent vocal records. A new operatic soprano is introduced in Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek, who sings "Alles teile unser Glück," from Flotow's "Alessandro Stradella," and "Ich soll ihn wiedersehen," from Adam's "Der Postillon von Lonjumeau" (12-in. record. 50102. 8s.). It is a promising début, and one would like to hear her record rather more interesting songs. Alfred Piccaver, tenor, sings "Lolita" and Leoncavallo's "Mattinata" (10-in. record. 15129. 5s. 6d.). Perhaps the best of the vocal records is one containing two admirable Negro Spirituals, "Shout all over God's Heab'n" and "I'm so glad trouble don't last always," sung by the West Virginia Glee Club (3497. 3s.). The best instrumental record is Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor and the "Black Keys" and "Butterfly Studies" of Chopin, played by Godowsky with considerable brilliance (15123. 5s. 6d.). Maude Gold plays two violin solos, Drdla's "Souvenir" and Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" (121. 3s.).

The following are light music records: "Just a Memory" and "Someday you'll say O.K.," Vincent Lopez, foxtrots (3633); "Mean Dog Blues" and "Cornfed," Red Nichols, foxtrots (3597); "Stomp your feet" and "Clarinet Marmalade," Fred Elizade, foxtrots (120); "Don't bring me posies" and "Souvenirs," Fred Elizade, foxtrots (127); "At Sundown" and "The Girl Friend," vocal duets by Chick Endor and Paul Reese (117); "It takes a good woman nowadays" and "I ain't that kind of baby," sung by Alice Morley (126). These are all 3s. each.

THE OWNER-DRIVER

THE AUSTIN "TWELVE" WEYMANN SALOON

DEALERS in various parts of the country tell me there is an excellent demand already for new cars, and that their sales will accelerate considerably as soon as prospective customers can make up their minds what to buy. My own post-bag confirms this impression. I have letters from many readers who are wavering between two or three makes, and I am invited to give my opinion of the Austin "Twelve."

I have been to a provincial dealer and selected one at random from stock, with a Mulliner fabric saloon body, built under Weymann patents, and listed at £325. This is only £130 more than chassis price, but the coachwork is most attractive. The upholstery throughout is of brown furniture hide, which, in my opinion, is the ideal leather for cars. It is soft and warm and easy to clean. The adjustable front bucket seats are extraordinarily comfortable, and behind there is ample room for three adults.

Why is the 1928 engine so much better than its predecessors? I do not quite know, but there is a difference. It ticks over so smoothly that one can scarcely hear or feel its impulses. One can even go behind and place one's ear near the exhaust and still wonder whether the engine is running or not.

Sir Herbert Austin is with me in the belief that four speeds are better than three, and the ratios of the "Twelve"—20, 12, 8, and 5.18 to 1—have served so well that he is standardizing them on his new "Sixteen" six-cylinder.

The Austin "Twelve" is a sturdy car, but "nippy" and easy to steer. The clutch, be it noted, is of the single-plate type, gear changes present no difficulties, the four-wheel brakes are as silent in operation as the engine, and with shock absorbers fore and aft the suspension leaves no room for criticism.

Taking the chassis and coachwork together one finds in this Mulliner Weymann Saloon a most attractive car, but those responsible for its production ought to ask themselves whether the orthodox two-panel windscreen, with a rubber joint in the driver's line of vision, is not going to spoil their sales. Either a single pane of glass or a much deeper upper panel would be a great improvement.

The equipment is so comprehensive that there is an electric cigar lighter for the rear seat passengers, in addition to one on the dashboard, and the blind for the rear light is operated from the driving seat by a well-studied method of control.

DAZZLE LIGHT DANGERS.

Does a dipping head lamp device solve the problem of dazzling driving lights?

A West Kirby reader suggests that in place of dipping, a better plan would be "to cast the light to the left side of the road, enabling a motorist to see clearly any cyclist or pedestrian who might be in front, and at the same time diverting the strong rays of his lamps from the eyes of the driver of any approaching car."

I have used "dippers" for many years, but I would rather have a device (easily controlled from the driving seat) to turn the lamps to the left, so I intend to try the new Lucas dipping reflectors, by which the beams are thrown downwards and to the near side by movement of the reflectors inside the headlamps.

When the lamp brackets permit, it is a wise course to fix headlamps so that they throw their beams slightly to the left, and slightly downwards, independent of any dipping mechanism. Better road illumination and reduced dazzle is the result.

AN OWNER-DRIVER'S BUDGET.

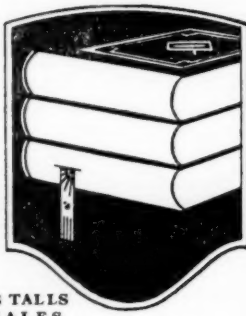
At Olympia the secretary of an Insurance Company told me his office had kept an account of all expenses incurred in running a 7-h.p. Jowett touring car, and that the costs for a distance of 16,000 miles averaged 1.007d. per mile. I have since received a letter from him stating that the latter figure should be 1.77d. per mile, including £40 depreciation and ten months' interest at 5 per cent. on the cost of the car (£150). The Jowett, he says, is used daily in the North of England and "has put up with a good deal of hard wear."

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motoring inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. Communications should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London W.C.1.

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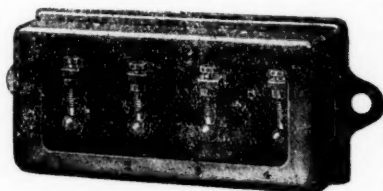
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F. R. PASCOE,

Secretary for Education.

Education Department,
County Hall, Truro.
November 14th, 1927.**PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.****UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.****THE Creighton Lecture**, entitled "**HISTORY AND CITIZENSHIP**," will be given by **Dr. C. GRANT ROBERTSON, C.V.O., LL.D., M.A.** (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham), at **THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS** (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th**, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by **Dr. Francis W. Pemble, D.C.L.** (Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Warden of All Souls' College).**ADMISSION FREE, BY TICKET** to be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7.**EDWIN DELLER**, Academic Registrar.**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.****A LECTURE** on "**THE AIR FORCE IN HOME DEFENCE**" will be given by **Air-Marshal SIR JOHN MAITLAND SALMOND, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.**, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Air Defence of Great Britain, at **UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON** (Gower Street, W.C.1), on **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th**, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.**ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.****EDWIN DELLER**, Academic Registrar.**ON NOVEMBER 24th**, Two Lectures will be given in the **GREEN SALON**, 40, Chandos Street, Charing Cross. "**CRIMINOLOGY**," by **Cecil M. Chapman, J.P.**, at 3.45; and "**VARICOSE VEINS AND HÆMORRHOIDS**," by **Eustace Miles, M.A.**, at 6.15 p.m. Admission 1s. each Lecture.**EDUCATIONAL.****BIRKBECK COLLEGE**
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW ISSUES—VICTOR TALKING AND GRAMOPHONES—HERRBURGER, BROOKS.

THE subdued tone of markets on the Stock Exchange may be attributed, not so much to the end-of-the-year habit of "window-dressing" followed by financial institutions (which means exchanging securities for cash) as to the increasing volume and varied character of new issues. The £1,000,000 Durban 5 per cent. loan at 99½ per cent., of which 92 per cent. was left with underwriters, was not helpful. The £5,000,000 Kenya 5 per cent. loan at 99½ has been successful, and the Margarine Union 7 per cent. preference shares, which were regarded as a better investment than was divulged on the prospectus, were quickly over-subscribed, but we doubt whether the £5,000,000 issue of the International Sleeping Car Trust, which has acquired a block of Sleeping Car shares at £10, which will yield the Trust at present only 3½ per cent. on its capital, will make the underwriter's life any easier. Next week a \$7,000,000 issue will be made in New York of the 7 per cent. series "C" bonds of the European Mortgage and Investment Corporation, the principal and interest of which will be payable in U.S. gold coin. The triple nature of the security behind these bonds—(1) the direct obligation of the Corporation; (2) the deposit of an equal amount of mortgage bonds of the Hungarian Banks' Co-operative Society, and (3) the first mortgages on farm and urban property in Hungary—should ensure a good response to this issue.

An active market has developed in the ordinary shares of Victor Talking Machine Company which are now \$48 after touching \$50. The phenomenal increase of 143 per cent. in the net profits of the Gramophone Company was not the only foundation for the rise. The income statement for the three months ending September 30th of Victor Talking itself showed that sales were slightly higher than those of the corresponding quarter of 1926, while net profits were \$2,063,000 against \$1,925,000. The net profits for the quarter ending December 31st are expected to show a further increase over those of the previous year. Victor Talking holds 850,000 ordinary shares in the Gramophone Company which until recently were 8s. paid. The Company's share of the final dividend of 32½ per cent. for 1926-27 of the Gramophone Company, which will amount to about \$439,000 after allowing for British tax, will be received in November, that is, it will be taken into the account of the last quarter of the year. This item will compare with \$263,513 taken into accounts from that source during the fourth quarter of 1926. The \$6 convertible preferred stock has kept pace with the rise in the ordinary shares. Being convertible at the rate of two ordinary shares for \$100 stock, the preferred stock now stands at \$96. We recommended this stock at \$88, and it would appear still to be a good investment at \$96.

Although the Chairman of the Gramophone Company declared that the sales during the four months ending October this year were as much in excess of those of 1926 as the sales of 1926 were in excess of those of 1925, Gramophone shares have reacted from 9¾ to 8¾. It is not impossible that Victor Talking is a better speculative investment than Gramophones at the present price. In the case of the Gramophone Company income tax will in future be levied upon the whole of the profits during the year, whereas dur-

ing last year tax was levied on approximately half the profits under the three years' average system. There is another point to be considered by Gramophone shareholders. A further 5s. call has been made on the shares held by Victor Talking. This means that the Gramophone net profit for 1926-27, which was equal to 68.5 per cent. on the then ordinary capital, is now equal to 59.3 per cent. on the increased capital. The remaining calls on the shares held by Victor Talking, which are now 13s. paid, are to follow as necessity arises. It seems that Gramophone shareholders are not to have it all their own way as they did in 1926-27. The Victor Talking and the Chancellor of the Exchequer now have greater claims on the profits. Moreover, with the increase in competition in the gramophone trade it cannot be expected that every company will be able to go on expanding indefinitely at the present rate.

The report and accounts of Herrburger, Brooks, Ltd., for the year ending June 30th, 1927, seem to have puzzled the market. The net profit was lower at £47,563 against £59,371 for the previous year. After all, the trade of pianoforte-action manufacturers must have been affected indirectly by the coal strike. Results from the acquisition in June last of the piano key manufacturing concerns of Shenstone & Co. and Bansall & Sons, will not appear until the next accounts. The balance-sheet is worth examining. It shows that additional assets to the amount of £210,235 have been acquired by the addition of only £190,989 liabilities. The purchase price of the two acquisitions was £240,000 against which 18,559 shares were issued at 45s. per share, and £86,666 paid in cash. The balance of the purchase money was spread over a period of years, no amount being payable in any year until a dividend of 15 per cent. tax free has been provided for out of profits. This arrangement seems to limit for a time dividends to 15 per cent. tax free, but if earnings were to reach 40 per cent. per annum, which is by no means impossible in a full year on the basis of the past earnings of the companies recently acquired, it would only take two years to complete the purchase. It is, of course, more reasonable to take the conservative estimate given by the Chairman of three to five years, but if earnings begin to show marked expansion a 15 per cent. tax free dividend will not stop a rise in the market valuation of the ordinary shares.

The dividend policy of Dennis Brothers, the commercial motor manufacturers, and of North American Company, the leading public utility company in the United States, present a striking contrast. Dennis Brothers is *embarras de richesse*, while North American has employment for all the money it earns. Dennis Brothers in the year 1925-26 paid a 5s. dividend and returned 10s. per share to shareholders, and this year again pay a 5s. dividend and return a further 7s., reducing each share to 3s. North American, on the other hand, has paid stock dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum since April, 1923. Every dollar of profit earned is put back in the business. The directors of both companies must know their own business. Presumably Dennis Brothers see no chance of expanding and keeping up their profits. North American is expanding every year, and increasing its rate of earnings so that the stock dividends have not been watering the capital. The President of the Company has just stated that since April 1st, 1923, to September 30th, 1927, the annual balance for common stock dividends and surplus increased 151 per cent., or more than 1½ times the increase of 94.8 per cent. in the common stock, more than one-third of which was due to exercise of subscription rights for cash and to stock issued on account of acquisition of properties.

